My BOOKHOUSE

THROUGH FAIRY HALLS

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MY BOOK HOUSE
THROUGH FAIRY HALLS

Joan E. Alvord
April 15, 1935

THROUGH FAIRY HALLS

LO! here are airy halls and fairy halls
Where life and joy and all true splendour reign,
And be it shining creature with bright wings,
Or but a little man or queer old dame,
Or talking beast who doth appear to guide,
Pray let him lead you hither to these halls.

Through FAIRY HALLS *of* MY BOOKHOUSE

EDITED BY
Olive Beaupré Miller

PUBLISHERS
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THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FAYS

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
    Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed,
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

—*Joseph Rodman Drake*

The Story of Fairyfoot*

FRANCES BROWNE

NCE upon a time there stood far away in the west country a town called Stumpinghame. It contained seven windmills, a royal palace, a market place, and a prison, with every other convenience befitting the capital of a kingdom. A capital city was Stumpinghame, and its inhabitants thought it the only one in the world. It stood in the midst of a great plain, which for three leagues round its walls was covered with corn, flax and orchards. Beyond that lay a great circle of pasture land, seven leagues in breadth, and it was bounded on all sides by a forest so thick and old that no man in Stumpinghame knew its extent; and the opinion of the learned was, that it reached to the end of the world.

There were strong reasons for this opinion. First, that forest was known to be inhabited time out of mind by the fairies, and no hunter cared to go beyond its borders—so the west country believed it to be solidly full of old trees to the heart. Secondly, the people of Stumpinghame were no travellers—man, woman, and child had feet so large and heavy that it was by no means convenient to carry them far. Whether it was the nature of the place or the people, I cannot tell, but great feet had been the fashion there time immemorial, and the higher the family the larger were they. It was, therefore, the aim of everybody above the degree of shepherds, and such-like rustics, to swell out and enlarge their feet by way of gentility; and so successful were they in these undertakings that, on a pinch, respectable people's slippers would have served for panniers.

Stumpinghame had a king of its own, and his name was Stiff-step; his family was very ancient and large-footed. His subjects called him Lord of the World, and he made a speech to them every year concerning the grandeur of his mighty empire. His

*Taken from *Granny's Wonderful Chair.*

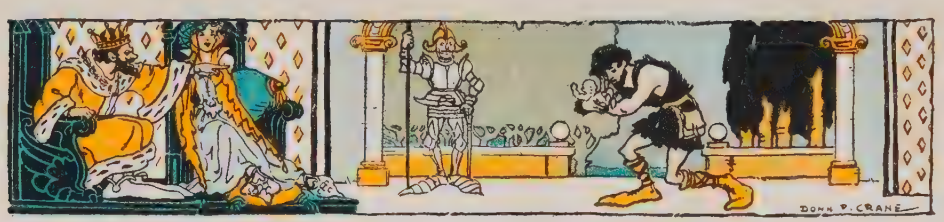
queen, Hammerheel, was the greatest beauty in Stumpinghame. Her majesty's shoe was not much less than a fishing-boat; their six children promised to be quite as handsome, and all went well with them till the birth of their seventh son.

For a long time nobody about the palace could understand what was the matter—the ladies-in-waiting looked so astonished, and the king so vexed; but at last it was whispered through the city that the queen's seventh child had been born with such miserably small feet that they resembled nothing ever seen or heard of in Stumpinghame, except the feet of the fairies.

The chronicles furnished no example of such an affliction ever before happening in the royal family. The common people thought it portended some great calamity to the city, the learned men began to write books about it; and all the relations of the king and queen assembled at the palace to mourn with them over their singular misfortune. The whole court and most of the citizens helped in this mourning, but when it had lasted seven days they all found out it was of no use. So to cheer up the queen's spirits, the young prince was sent privately out to the pasture lands, to be nursed among the shepherds.

The chief man there was called Fleecefold, and his wife's name was Rough Ruddy. They lived in a snug cottage with their son, Blackthorn, and their daughter, Brownberry, and were thought great people, because they kept the king's sheep. Moreover, Fleecefold's family were known to be ancient; and Rough Ruddy boasted that she had the largest feet in all the pastures. The shepherds held them in high respect, and it grew still higher when the news spread that the king's seventh son had been sent to their cottage. People came from all quarters to see the young prince, and great were the lamentations over his misfortune in having such small feet.

The king and queen had given him fourteen names, beginning



with Augustus—such being the fashion in that royal family; but the honest country people could not remember so many; besides, his feet were the most remarkable thing about the child, so with one accord they called him Fairyfoot and the boy never had another name throughout the pastures. At court it was not thought polite to speak of him at all. They did not keep his birthday, and he was never sent for at Christmas, because the queen and her ladies could not bear the sight. Once a year the undermost scullion was sent to see how he did, with a bundle of his next brother's cast-off clothes; and, as the king grew old and cross, it was said he had thoughts of disowning him.

So Fairyfoot grew in Fleecefold's cottage. Perhaps the country air made him fair and rosy—for all agreed that he would have been a handsome boy but for his small feet, with which nevertheless he learned to walk, and in time to run and to jump, thereby amazing everybody, for such doings were not known among the children of Stumpinghame. The news of court, however, travelled to the shepherds, and Fairyfoot was despised among them. The old people thought him unlucky; the children refused to play with him. Fleecefold was ashamed to have him in his cottage, but he durst not disobey the king's orders. Moreover, Blackthorn wore most of the clothes brought by the scullion. At last, Rough Ruddy found out that the sight of such horrid jumping would make her children vulgar; and, as soon as he was old enough, she sent Fairyfoot every day to watch some sheep on a wild, weedy pasture, hard by the forest.

Poor Fairyfoot was often lonely and sorrowful; many a time he wished his feet would grow larger, and all the comfort he had was running and jumping by himself in the wild pasture, and thinking that none of the shepherds' children could do the like, for all their pride of their great feet.

Tired of this sport, he was lying in the shadow of a mossy rock one warm summer's noon, with the sheep feeding around, when a robin, pursued by a great hawk, flew into the old velvet cap which lay on the ground beside him. Fairyfoot covered it up, and the hawk, frightened by his shout, flew away.

"Now you may go, poor robin!" he said, opening the cap; but instead of the bird, out sprang a little man dressed in ragged blue, and looking as if he were a hundred years old. Fairyfoot could not speak for astonishment, but the little man said:

"Thank you for your shelter, and be sure I will do as much

for you. Call on me if you are ever in trouble; my name is Robin Goodfellow;" and darting off, he was out of sight in an instant. For days the boy wondered who that little man could be, but he told nobody, for the little man's feet were as small as his own, and it was clear he would be no favorite in Stumpinghame. Fairyfoot kept the story to himself, and at last midsummer came. That evening was a feast among the shepherds. There were bonfires on the hills, and fun in the villages. But Fairyfoot sat alone beside his sheepfold, for the children of his village had refused to let him dance with them about the bonfire. He had never felt so lonely in all his life, and remembering the little man, he plucked up spirit, and cried:

"Ho! Robin Goodfellow!"

"Here I am," said a shrill voice at his elbow; and there stood the little man himself.

"I am very lonely, and no one will play with me, because my feet are not large enough," said Fairyfoot.

"Come then and play with us," said the little man. "We lead the merriest lives in the world, and care for nobody's feet; but all companies have their own manners, and there are two things you must mind among us: first, do as you see the rest doing; and secondly, never speak of anything you may hear or see, for we and the people of this country have had no friendship ever since large feet came in fashion."

"I will do that, and anything more you like," said Fairyfoot; and the little man, taking his hand, led him over the pasture into the forest, and along a mossy path among old trees wreathed with ivy (he never knew how far), till they heard the sound of music, and came upon a meadow where the moon shone as bright as day, and all the flowers of the year—snowdrops, violets, primroses, and cowslips—bloomed together in the thick grass. There was a crowd of little men and women, some clad in russet colour,

but far more in green, dancing round a little well as clear as crystal. And under great rose-trees which grew here and there in the meadow, companies were sitting round low tables covered with cups of milk, dishes of honey, and carved wooden flagons filled with clear red wine. The little man led Fairyfoot up to the nearest table, handed him one of the flagons, and said, "Drink to the good company!"

Then the boy forgot all his troubles—how Blackthorn and Brownberry wore his clothes, how Rough Ruddy sent him to keep the sickly sheep, and the children would not dance with him; in short, he forgot the whole misfortune of his feet, and it seemed to his mind that he was a king's son, and all was well with him. All the little people about the well cried:

"Welcome! welcome!" and every one said: "Come and dance with me!" So Fairyfoot was as happy as a prince, and drank milk and ate honey till the moon was low in the sky, and then the little man took him by the hand, and never stopped nor stayed till he was at his own bed of straw in the cottage corner.

Next morning Fairyfoot was not tired for all his dancing. Nobody in the cottage had missed him, and he went out with the sheep as usual; but every night all that summer, when the shepherds were safe in bed, the little man came and took him

away to dance in the forest. Now he did not care to play with the shepherds' children, nor grieve that his father and mother had forgotten him, but watched the sheep all day singing to himself or plaiting rushes; and when the sun went down, Fairyfoot's heart rejoiced at thought of meeting that merry company.

The wonder was that he was never tired nor sleepy, as people are apt to be who dance all night; but before the summer was ended Fairyfoot found out the reason. One night, when the moon was full, and the last of the ripe corn rustling in the fields, Robin Goodfellow came for him as usual, and away they went to the flowery green. The fun there was high, and Robin was in haste. So he only pointed to the carved cup from which Fairyfoot every night drank.

"I am not thirsty, and there is no use losing time," thought the boy to himself, and he joined the dance; but never in all his life did Fairyfoot find such hard work as to keep pace with the company. Their feet seemed to move like lightning; the swallows did not fly so fast or turn so quickly. Fairyfoot did his best, for he never gave in easily, but at length, his breath and strength being spent, the boy was glad to steal away, and sit down behind a mossy oak, where his eyes closed for very weariness. When he awoke the dance was nearly over, but two little ladies clad in green talked close beside him.

"What a beautiful boy!" said one of them. "He is worthy to be a king's son. Only see what handsome feet he has!"

"Yes," said the other, with a laugh that sounded spiteful; "they are just like the feet Princess Maybloom had before she washed them in the Growing Well. Her father has sent far and wide throughout the whole country searching for a doctor to make them small again, but nothing in this world can do it except the water of the Fair Fountain, and none but I and the nightingales know where it is."

"One would not care to let the like be known," said the first little lady, "there would come such crowds of these great coarse creatures of mankind, nobody would have peace for leagues round. But you will surely send word to the sweet princess!—she was so kind to our birds and butterflies, and danced so like one of ourselves!"

"Not I, indeed!" said the spiteful fairy. "Her father cut down the cedar which I loved best in the whole forest, and made a chest of it to hold his money in; besides, I never liked the princess—everybody praised her so."

When they were gone, Fairyfoot could sleep no more with astonishment. He did not wonder at the fairies admiring his feet, because their own were much the same; but it amazed him that Princess Maybloom's father should be troubled at hers growing large. Moreover, he wished to see that same princess and her country, since there were really other places in the world than Stumpinghame.

All the next day Fairyfoot was so weary that in the afternoon he fell asleep, with his head on a clump of rushes. It was seldom that any one thought of looking after him and the sheep; but it so happened that towards evening the old shepherd, Fleecefold, thought he would see how things went on in the pastures. The shepherd had a bad temper and a slick staff, and no sooner did he catch sight of Fairyfoot sleeping, and his flock straying away, than shouting all the ill names he could remember, in a voice which woke up the boy, he ran after him as fast as his great feet would allow; while Fairyfoot, seeing no other shelter from his fury, fled into the forest, and never stopped nor stayed till he reached the banks of a little stream.

Thinking it might lead him to the fairies' dancing-ground, he followed that stream for many an hour, but it wound away into the heart of the forest, flowing through dells, falling over

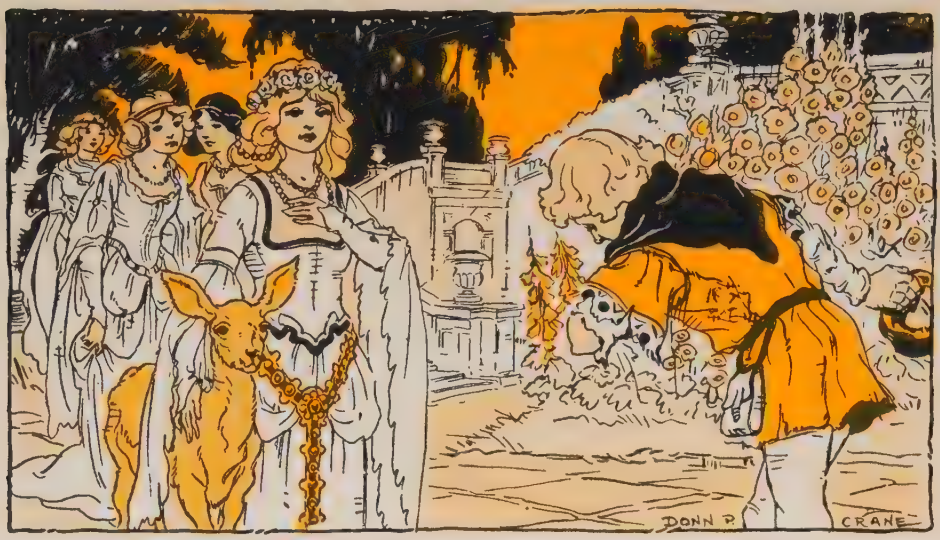
mossy rocks, and at last leading Fairyfoot, when he was tired and the night had fallen, to a grove of great rose-trees, with the moon shining on it as bright as day, and thousands of nightingales singing in the branches. In the midst of that grove was a clear spring, bordered with banks of lilies, and Fairyfoot sat down by it to rest himself and listen. The singing was so sweet he could have listened forever, but as he sat the nightingales left off their songs, and began to talk together in the silence of the night:

"What boy is that," said one on a branch above him, "who sits so lonely by the Fair Fountain? He cannot have come from Stumpinghame with such small and handsome feet."

"No, I'll warrant you," said another, "he has come from the west country. How in the world did he find the way?"

"How simple you are!" said a third nightingale. "What had he to do but follow the ground-ivy which grows over height and hollow, bank and bush, from the lowest gate of the king's kitchen-garden to the root of this rose-tree? He looks a wise boy, and I hope he will keep the secret, or we shall have all the west country here, dabbling in our fountain, and leaving us no rest to either talk or sing."

Fairyfoot sat in great astonishment at this discourse, but by and by, when the talk ceased and the songs began, he thought it might be as well for him to follow the ground-ivy, and see the Princess Maybloom, not to speak of getting rid of Rough Ruddy, the sickly sheep, and the crusty old shepherd. It was a long journey; but he went on, eating wild berries by day, sleeping in the hollows of old trees by night, and never losing sight of the ground-ivy, which led him over height and hollow, bank and bush, out of the forest, and along a noble high road, with fields and villages on every side, to a great city, and a low old-fashioned gate of the king's kitchen-garden, which was thought



too mean for scullions, and had not been opened for seven years.

There was no use knocking—the gate was overgrown with tall weeds and moss; so, being an active boy, he climbed over, and walked through the garden, till a little fawn came frisking by, and he heard a soft voice saying sorrowfully:

"Come back, come back, my fawn! I cannot run and play with you now, my feet have grown so heavy;" and looking round he saw the loveliest young princess in the world, dressed in snow-white, and wearing a wreath of roses on her golden hair; but walking slowly, as the great people did in Stumpinghame, for her feet were as large as the best of them.

After her came six young ladies, dressed in white and walking slowly, for they could not go before the princess; but Fairyfoot was amazed to see that their feet were as small as his own. At once he guessed that this must be the Princess Maybloom, and made her an humble bow, saying:

"Royal princess, I have heard of your trouble because your

feet have grown large; in my country that's all the fashion. For seven years past I have been wondering what would make mine grow, to no purpose; but I know of a certain fountain that will make yours smaller and finer than ever they were, if the king, your father, gives you leave to come with me, accompanied by two of your maids that are the least given to talking, and the most prudent officer in all his household; for it would offend the fairies and the nightingales to make that fountain known."

When the princess heard that, she danced for joy in spite of her large feet, and she and her six maids brought Fairyfoot before the king and queen, where they sat in their palace hall, with all the courtiers paying their morning compliments. The lords were very much astonished to see a ragged, bare-footed boy brought in among them, and the ladies thought Princess Maybloom must have gone mad; but Fairyfoot, making an humble reverence, told his message to the king and queen, and offered to set out with the princess that very day. At first the king would not believe that there could be any use in his offer, because so many great physicians had failed to give any relief. The courtiers laughed Fairyfoot to scorn, and the pages wanted to turn him out for an impudent impostor, but the queen, being a prudent woman, said:

"I pray your majesty to notice what fine feet this boy has. There may be some truth in his story. For the sake of our only daughter, I will choose two maids who talk the least of all our train, and my chamberlain, who is the most discreet officer in our household. Let them go with the princess; who knows but our sorrow may be lessened?"

After some persuasion the king consented, though all his councillors advised the contrary. So the two silent maids, the discreet chamberlain, and her fawn, which would not stay behind, were sent with Princess Maybloom, and they all set out after

dinner. Fairyfoot had hard work guiding them along the track of the ground-ivy. The maids and the chamberlain did not like the brambles and rough roots of the forest—they thought it hard to eat berries and sleep in hollow trees; but the princess went on with good courage, and at last they reached the grove of rose-trees, and the spring bordered with lilies.

The chamberlain washed—and though his hair had been grey, and his face wrinkled, the young courtiers envied his beauty for years after. The maids washed—and from that day they were esteemed the fairest in all the palace. Lastly, the princess washed also—it could make her no fairer, but the moment her feet touched the water they grew less, and when she had washed and dried them three times, they were as small and finely shaped as Fairyfoot's own. There was great joy among them, but the boy said sorrowfully:

"Oh! if there had been a well in the world to make my feet large, my father and mother would not have cast me off, nor sent me to live among the shepherds."

"Cheer up your heart," said the Princess Maybloom; "if you want large feet, there is a well in this forest that will do it. Last summer time, I came with my father and his foresters to see a great cedar cut down, of which he meant to make a money chest. While they were busy with the cedar, I saw a bramble branch covered with berries. Some were ripe and some were green, but it was the longest bramble that ever grew; for the sake of the berries, I went on and on to its root, which grew hard by a muddy-looking well, with banks of dark green moss, in the deepest part of the forest. The day was warm and dry, so I took off my scarlet shoes, and washed my feet in the well; but as I washed they grew larger every minute, and nothing could ever make them less again. I have seen the bramble this day; it is not far off, and as you have shown me the Fair Foun-

tain, I am very eager to show you the Growing Well."

Up rose Fairyfoot and Princess Maybloom, and went together till they found the bramble, and came to where its root grew, hard by the muddy-looking well, with banks of dark green moss, in the deepest dell of the forest. Fairyfoot sat down to wash, but at that minute he heard a sound of music, and knew it was the fairies going to their dancing-ground.

"If my feet grow large," said the boy to himself, "how shall I dance with them?" So, rising quickly, he took the Princess Maybloom by the hand. The fawn followed them; the maids and the chamberlain followed it, and all followed the music through the forest. At last they came to the flowery green. Robin Goodfellow welcomed the company for Fairyfoot's sake, and they danced there from sunset till the grey morning, and nobody was tired. But before the lark sang, Robin Goodfellow took them all safe home, as he used to take Fairyfoot.

There was great joy that day in the palace because Princess Maybloom's feet were made small again. The king gave Fairyfoot all manner of fine clothes and rich jewels; and when they heard this wonderful story, he and the queen asked him to live with them and be their son. In process of time Fairyfoot and Princess Maybloom were married, and still live happily. When they go to visit at Stumpinghame, they always wash their feet in the Growing Well, lest the royal family might think them a disgrace, but when they come back, they make haste to the Fairies and the nightingales are great friends to them, as well as the maids and the chamberlain, because they have told nobody about it, and there is peace and quiet yet in the grove of rose trees.

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do not offence.

REFRAIN

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

The Sleeping Beauty

A long time ago there lived a King and Queen who said every day, "Ah, if only we had a child!" but for a long time they had none. So, when a beautiful little daughter came to them, the King could scarcely contain himself for joy and ordered a great feast to celebrate the event. He invited not only his kindred, friends and acquaintances, but also the fairies who give gifts to children. There were thirteen of these in his kingdom, but as he had only twelve golden plates, one of them was not invited.

The feast was held with all manner of splendor, and when it came to an end the fairies bestowed their gifts on the baby. One gave her virtue, another good nature, a third wisdom, a fourth beauty, and so on with everything that is good. But when eleven had said their say, suddenly the thirteenth who had not been invited presented herself at the door. She was an ugly old woman whose gifts to children were always evil, so the father of little Briar-rose had done well to find no place for her at the feast. But now everyone fell back in a fright before her, so she forced her way into the hall in a fury to think she had not been invited, and went straight up to the baby's cradle.

"This is my gift to the King's daughter," she cried. "In her fifteenth year she shall prick her finger with a spindle and die!" With these spiteful words, she tossed her head and stormed out of the hall.

The King was left in a panic; the Queen was left in a panic and all the guests were struck dumb with terror. But just at that moment, the twelfth fairy stepped forth, for she had not yet made her promise for the child.

"Nay," she said gently, "the Princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep."

Now the King was so anxious to guard his dear child from misfortune that he thought the best way would be to remove all

spindles out of his kingdom, and then she would never be able to prick her finger. So he gave orders the very next day that every spindle should be burned to ashes and never another one made or used throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Meantime, the gifts of the fairies were plenteously fulfilled in the young girl, for she was so beautiful, modest and kind that all who saw her loved her. But it happened on the very day when she was fifteen years old, that the King and Queen, being now quite at rest about their daughter, since they thought they had put all danger out of her reach, went away from home, leaving Briar-rose all alone. No sooner were they gone, than the Princess began to feel a great desire to go poking about the palace into all the strange places she had never visited before. So she went into all sorts of great, echoing halls and queer little chambers, and at last she came to an old stone tower, with a narrow stair that went winding upward. Up the rickety steps she started. She climbed and she climbed and at last she came to a little old door with a queer old rusty key in the lock. When she turned the key, the door sprang open. There in a dusty little room, sat a little old woman in gray, and she was working busily.

"Good-day, good dame," said Briar-rose, "what are you doing?"

"I am spinning," said the woman, nodding her head. And she drew out a thread of flax, twisting it deftly between her fingers.

"And what is that little thing you send twirling around so merrily?"

"A spindle! A spindle!"

"Ah!" cried little Briar-rose, "I have never seen anything merrier!" And she crept up closer and closer. At last, as she watched the twisting and twirling, she grew so anxious to try it herself that she said, "Good dame, pray let me try to spin."

The old woman smiled till the curves of her mouth went way up under her long hook-nose, then she handed Briar-rose the distaff and the spindle. The Princess tucked the distaff under her left arm as she had seen the old woman do, and started to pull out a thread. But alas! she knew nothing of spindles, nor had she ever been taught how to handle one properly, so at the very first turn, she clumsily thrust the point into her hand and pricked her finger.

In an instant spindle and distaff dropped to the floor; little Briar-rose sank upon a bed and lay there in a deep sleep which spread over all the castle. Then the little old woman in gray disappeared and the room in the tower was quiet and still.

Down below, the King and Queen, who had just returned to the great hall of the castle, went to sleep on their thrones and all their courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in their stables, the dogs went to sleep in the yard; the pigeons went to sleep on the roof; the flies went to sleep on the wall. Even the fire on the kitchen hearth stopped flaming and slept in its embers; the great iron kettle above left off boiling, and the cook, who was just going to pull the hair of a careless scullery boy, let him go and sank down fast asleep. The wind fell, the flowers and grasses sank down on the earth and on the trees before the castle not a single leaf stirred again.

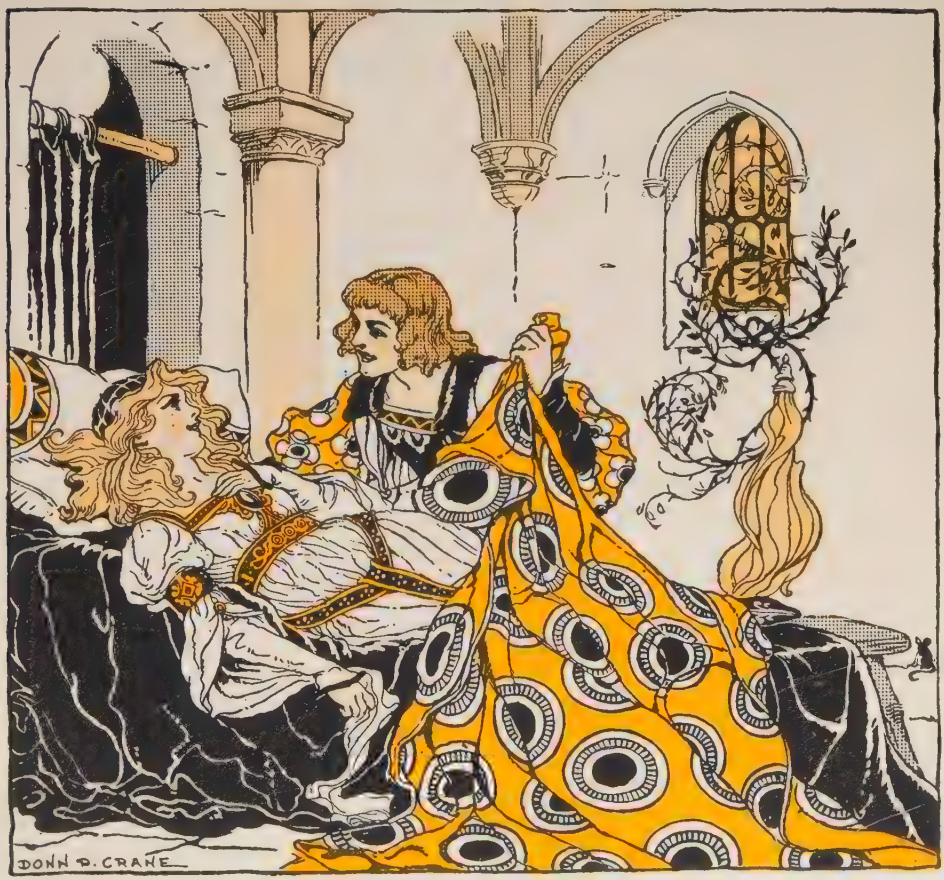
Round about all there began to grow a hedge of thorns; snow fell with ice and sleet. So years passed by and every year the hedge grew denser and higher, till at last it hid every tower from sight. Nothing at all could be seen of the castle, not even the flags on its roof. And over the spot, year in and year out, it was always frozen winter.

But the story of the beautiful Princess, sleep-bound in her castle, still went abroad through the land.

From time to time, Kings' sons came and tried to force them-

selves in through the thorny hedge to awaken her. All these the hedge used sadly. The thorns held fast together as if they had hands and tore their fine clothes, and scratched and pulled and kept them tight caught as if in a net. And Briar-rose slept on.

At last and at last, after many, many years, there came to the land a certain King's son to whom an old man told the tale of the Princess and how sadly the Kings' sons had fared who tried to do battle with the hedge. But this youth said, "I am



not afraid of the hedge. The hedge is nothing to me. I shall go and awaken the beautiful Princess."

The good old man did all in his power to dissuade the Prince, but the youth would not listen to his words. Off he set toward the frozen castle. As he drew near he felt its icy breath, he saw the snow over all and the giant thorn hedge that rose threatening before him. But he strode confidently on, and when he came square upon those dark bushes, lo! they turned suddenly fresh and green, blossomed with large and splendid flowers, and parted of their own accord to let him safely through. Above, the snow stopped falling; beneath his feet, ice melted, flowers and grasses lifted up their heads. By the time he reached the castle yard, all signs of winter had fled, the earth was in bloom about him. He saw the horses and dogs asleep, the pigeons on the rooftop still with heads buried under their wings. When he entered the castle, the flies were still asleep on the wall, the fire still slept in its embers, and the cook was still holding out her hand as though to cuff the scullery boy.

Within the great hall, the King and Queen lay asleep on their thrones with their whole court sleeping about them. All was so quiet everywhere that a breath could have been heard. At last the King's son came to the stone tower with the narrow stair that went winding upward. Up the rickety steps he climbed and opened the door of the little chamber. There before him on the bed lay Briar-rose asleep. Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her hair was like gold, and her clothes were all quaint and old-fashioned, like those his great great grandmother had worn. So beautiful was she that the King's son could not turn his eyes from her. As he looked, he stooped down and gently gave her a kiss. The moment she felt his kiss, Briar-rose opened her eyes and awoke. Then she looked at him sweetly and slowly rose from her couch. Hand in hand, down the stairs together

they went. When they entered the great hall of the castle, the King awoke and the Queen and the whole court, and all looked at each other astonished. The horses in the courtyard stood up and shook themselves; the dogs jumped up and wagged their tails; the pigeons on the roof awoke and flew away into the open country; the flies on the wall crept again; the fire on the kitchen hearth flickered and flamed up; the great iron kettle began to boil, and the cook soundly boxed the ears of the scullery boy.

The very next day the marriage of the King's son with Briar-rose was celebrated with all manner of rejoicing, and inside the castle and out was the life and bloom of the spring.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

JOHN MILTON

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MR. MOON*

BLISS CARMAN

O Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down on the hilltop,
Down in the glen,
Out in the clearin',
To play with little men?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up your stumps!
Don't you hear Bullfrog
Callin' to his wife,
And old black Cricket
A-wheezin' at his fife?
Hurry up your stumps,
And get on your pumps!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,
Hurry up along!
The reeds in the current
Are whisperin' slow;
The river 's a-wimplin'
To and fro.
Hurry up along,
Or you'll miss the song!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?

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O Mr. Moon,
We're all here!
Honey-bug, Thistledrift,
White-imp, Weird,
Wryface, Billiken,
Quidnunc, Queered;
We're all here,
And the coast is clear!
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
O Mr. Moon,
There's not much time!
Hurry, if you're comin',
You lazy old bones!
You can sleep to-morrow
While the Buzbuz drones;
There's not much time
Till the church bells chime.
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
O Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
Down where the Good Folk
Dance in a ring,
Down where the Little Folk
Sing?
Moon, Mr. Moon,
When you comin' down?
MAUD-MISKA
PETERSHAM

Prince Harweda and The Magic Prison*

ELIZABETH HARRISON

LITTLE Harweda was born a prince. His father was King over all the land and his mother was the most beautiful Queen the world had ever seen and Prince Harweda was their only child. From the day of his birth everything that love or money could do for him had been done. The very wind of heaven was made to fan over an aeolian harp that it might enter his room, not as a strong, fresh breeze, but as a breath of music. Reflectors were so arranged in the windows that twice as much moonlight fell on his crib as on that of any ordinary child. The pillow on which his head rested was made out of the down from humming birds' breasts and the water in which his face and hands were washed was always steeped in rose leaves before being brought to the nursery. Everything that could be done was done, and nothing which could add to his ease or comfort was left undone.

But his parents, although they were King and Queen, were not very wise, for they never thought of making the young prince think of anybody but himself, so, of course, he grew to be selfish and peevish, and by the time he was five years old he was so disagreeable that nobody loved him. "Dear, dear! what shall we do?" said the poor Queen mother and the King only sighed and answered, "Ah, what indeed!" They were both very much grieved at heart for they well knew that little Harweda, although he was a prince, would never grow up to be a really great King unless he could make his people love him.

At last they decided to send for his fairy god-mother and see if she could suggest anything which would cure Prince Harweda of always thinking about himself. "Well, well, well!"

*From *In Storyland.* Used by special arrangement with the author.

exclaimed the god-mother when they had laid the case before her—"This is a pretty state of affairs! and I his god-mother, too! Why wasn't I called in sooner?" She then told them that she would have to think a day and a night and a day again before she could offer them any assistance. "But," added she, "if I take the child in charge you must promise not to interfere for a whole year." The King and Queen gladly promised that they would not speak to or even see their son for the required time if the fairy god-mother would only cure him.

"We'll see about that," said the god-mother. "Humph, expecting to be a King some day and not caring for anybody but himself—a fine King he'll make!" With that off she flew and the King and Queen saw nothing more of her for a day and a night and another day. Then back she came in a great hurry. "Give me the prince," said she; "I have his house all ready for him. One month from to-day I'll bring him back to you. Perhaps he'll be cured and perhaps he won't. If he is not cured then we shall try two months next time. We'll see, we'll see." Without any more ado she picked up the astonished young prince and flew away with him as lightly as if he were nothing but a feather or a straw. In vain the poor Queen wept and begged for a last kiss. Before she had wiped her eyes, the fairy god-mother and Prince Harweda were out of sight.

They flew a long distance until they reached a great forest. When they had come to the middle of it, down flew the fairy, and in a minute more the young prince was standing on the green grass beside a beautiful pink marble palace that looked something like a good-sized summer house.

"This is your home," said the god-mother, "in it you will find everything you need and you can do just as you choose with your time." Little Harweda was delighted at this for there was nothing in the world he liked better than to do as he

pleased, so he tossed his cap up into the air and ran into the lovely little house without so much as saying "Thank you" to his god-mother. "Humph," said she as he disappeared, "you'll have enough of it before you are through with it, my fine prince." With that off she flew.

Prince Harweda had no sooner set his foot inside the small, rose-colored palace than the iron door shut with a bang and locked itself. For you must know by this time that it was an enchanted house, as all houses are that are built by fairies.

Prince Harweda did not mind being locked in, as he cared very little for the great, beautiful outside world, and the new home which was to be *all his own* was very fine, and he was eager to examine it. Then, too, he thought that when he was tired of it, all he would have to do would be to kick on the door and a servant from somewhere would come and open it,—he had always had a servant ready to obey his slightest command.

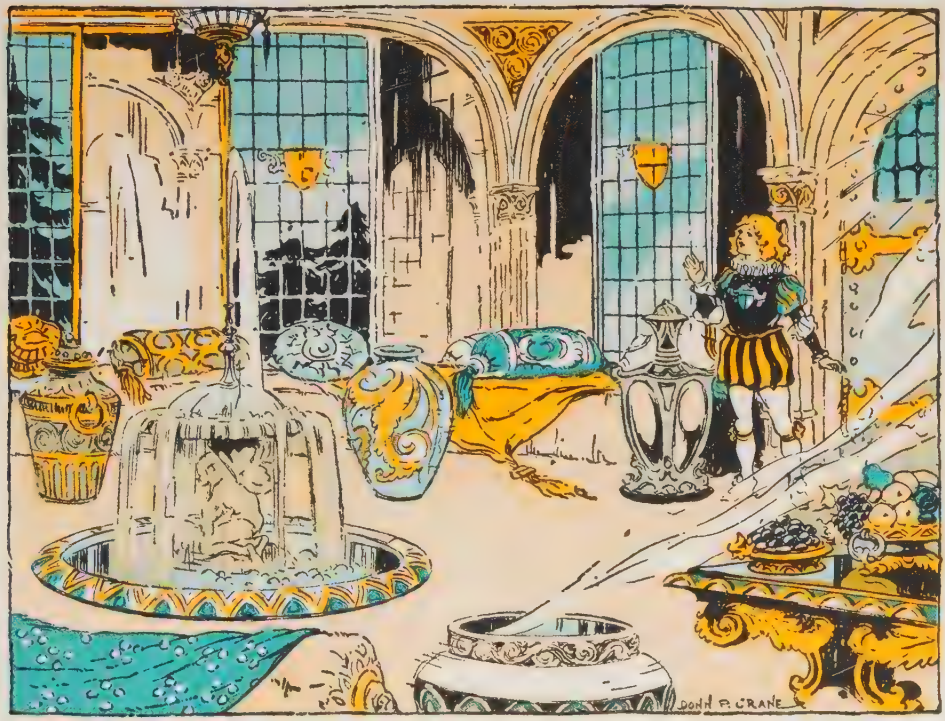
His fairy god-mother had told him that it was *his* house, therefore he was interested in looking at everything in it.

The floor was made of a beautiful red copper that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold and seemed almost a dark red in the shadow. He had never seen anything half so fine before. The ceiling was of mother-of-pearl and showed a constant changing of tints of red and blue and yellow and green, all blending into the gleaming white, as only mother-of-pearl can. From the middle of this handsome ceiling hung a large gilded bird cage containing a beautiful bird, which just at this moment was singing a glad song of welcome to the Prince. Harweda cared, however, very little about birds, so he took no notice of the songster.

Around on every side were costly divans with richly embroid-

ered coverings, on which were many sizes of soft down pillows. "Ah," thought the prince, "here I can lounge at my ease with no one to call me to stupid lessons!" Wonderfully carved jars and vases of wrought gold and silver stood about on the floor and each was filled with a different kind of perfume. "This is delicious," said Prince Harweda. "Now I can have all the sweet odors I want without the trouble of going out into the garden for roses or lilies."

In the center of the room was a fountain of sparkling water which leaped up and fell back into its marble basin with a kind of rhythmical sound that made a faint, dreamy music very pleasant to listen to.



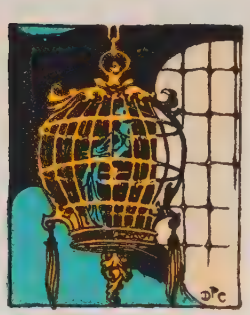
On a table near at hand were various baskets of the most tempting pears and grapes and peaches, and near them were dishes of all kinds of sweetmeats. "Good," said the greedy young prince, "that is what I like best of all," and therewith he fell to eating the fruit and sweetmeats as fast as he could cram them into his mouth. But strange to say, the table was just as full as when he began, for no sooner did he reach his hand out and take a soft mellow pear or a rich juicy peach than another pear or peach took its place in the basket. The same thing occurred when he helped himself to chocolate drops or marshmallows or any of the other confectionery upon the table.

When Prince Harweda had eaten until he could eat no more he threw himself down upon one of the couches and an invisible hand gently stroked his hair until he fell asleep. When he awoke he noticed for the first time the walls, which, by the way, were really the strangest part of his new home. They had in them twelve long, checkered windows which reached from the ceiling to the floor. The spaces between the windows were filled in with mirrors exactly the same size as the windows, so that the whole room was walled in with windows and looking glasses. Through the three windows that looked to the north could be seen the far distant mountains Beautiful, as they were called, towering high above the surrounding country; sometimes their snow-covered tops were pink or creamy yellow as they caught the rays of the sunrise; sometimes they were dark purple or blue as they reflected the storm cloud. From the three windows that faced the south could be seen the great ocean, tossing and moving, constantly catching a thousand gleams of silver from the moonlight. Again and again, each little wave would be capped with white from its romp with the wind. Yet, as the huge mountains seemed to reach higher than man could climb, so the vast ocean seemed to stretch out farther than any ship could possibly

carry him. The eastern windows gave each morning a glorious vision of sky as the darkness of the night slowly melted into the still, gray dawn, and that changed into a golden glow and that in turn became a tender pink. It was really the most beautiful as well as the most mysterious sight on earth if one watched it closely. The windows on the west looked out upon a great forest of tall fir trees and at the time of sunset the glorious colors of the sunset sky could be seen between the dark green branches.

But little Prince Harweda cared for none of these beautiful views. In fact, he scarcely glanced out of the windows at all, he was so taken up with the broad, handsome mirrors, for in each of them he could see himself reflected and he was very fond of looking at himself in a looking glass. He was much pleased when he noticed that the mirrors were so arranged that each one not only reflected his whole body, head, arms, feet and all, but that it also reflected his image as seen in several of the other mirrors. He could thus see his front and back and each side, all at the same time. As he was a handsome boy he enjoyed these many views of himself immensely, and would stand and sit and lie down just for the fun of seeing the many images of himself do the same thing.

He spent so much time looking at and admiring himself in the wonderful looking-glasses that he had very little time for the books and games which had been provided for his amusement. Hours were spent each day first before one mirror and then another, and he did not notice that the windows were growing narrower and the mirrors wider until the former had become so small that they hardly admitted light enough for him to see himself in the looking-glass. Still, this did not alarm him very much as he cared nothing whatever for the outside world. It only made him spend more time before the mirror, as it was now getting quite difficult for him to see himself at all. The



windows at last became mere slits in the wall and the mirrors grew so large that they not only reflected little Harweda but all of the room besides in a dim, indistinct kind of a way.

Finally, however, Prince Harweda awoke one morning and found himself in total darkness. Not a ray of light came from the outside and, of course, not an object in the room could be seen. He rubbed his eyes and sat up to make sure that he was not dreaming. Then he called loudly for some one to come and open a window for him, but no one came. He got up and groped his way to the iron door and tried to open it, but it was, as you know, locked. He kicked it and beat upon it, but he only bruised his fists and hurt his toes. He grew quite angry now. How dare any one shut him, a prince, up in a dark prison like this! He abused his fairy god-mother, calling her all sorts of horrid names. Then he upbraided his father and mother, the King and Queen, for letting him go away with such a god-mother. In fact, he blamed everybody and everything but himself for his present condition, but it was of no use. The sound of his own voice was his only answer. The whole of the outside world seemed to have forgotten him.

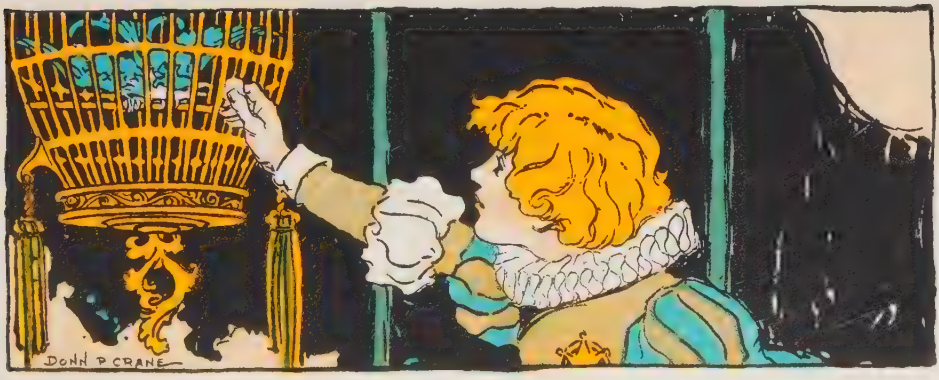
As he felt his way back to his couch he knocked over one of the golden jars which had held the liquid perfume, but the perfume was all gone now and only an empty jar rolled over the floor. He laid himself down on the divan but its soft pillows had been removed and a hard iron frame-work received him. He was dismayed and lay for a long time thinking of what he had best do with himself. All before him was blank darkness, as black as the darkest night you ever saw. He reached out his hand to get some fruit to eat, but only one or two with-

ered apples remained on the table. Suddenly he noticed that the tinkling music of the fountain had ceased. He hastily groped his way over to it and he found in place of the dancing, running stream stood a silent pool of water. A hush had fallen upon everything, a dead silence was in the room. He threw himself down upon the floor and lay there for a long, long time.

At last he heard, or thought he heard, a faint sound. He listened eagerly. It seemed to be some tiny creature not far from him, trying to move about. For the first time for nearly a month he remembered the bird in its gilded cage. "Poor little thing," he cried as he sprang up, "you, too, are shut within this terrible prison. This thick darkness must be as hard for you to bear as it is for me." He went towards the cage and as he approached it the bird gave a sad little chirp.

"You must need some water to drink," continued he as he filled its drinking cup. "This is all I have to give you."

Just then he heard a harsh, grating sound, as of rusty bolts sliding with difficulty out of their sockets, and then faint rays of light not wider than a hair began to shine between the heavy plate mirrors. Prince Harweda was filled with joy. "Perhaps, perhaps," said he softly, "I may yet see the light again. Ah, how beautiful the outside world would look to me now!"



The next day he was so hungry that he began to eat one of the old withered apples, and as he bit it, he thought of the bird, his fellow-prisoner. "You must be hungry, too, poor little thing," said he as he divided his miserable food and put part of it into the bird's cage. Again came the harsh, grating sound, and the boy noticed that the cracks of light were growing larger. On going up to one and putting his eye close to it as he would to a pinhole in a paper, he was rejoiced to find that he could tell the greenness of the grass from the blue of the sky. "Ah, my pretty bird," he cried joyfully, "I have had a glimpse of the great, beautiful outside world and you shall have it, too."

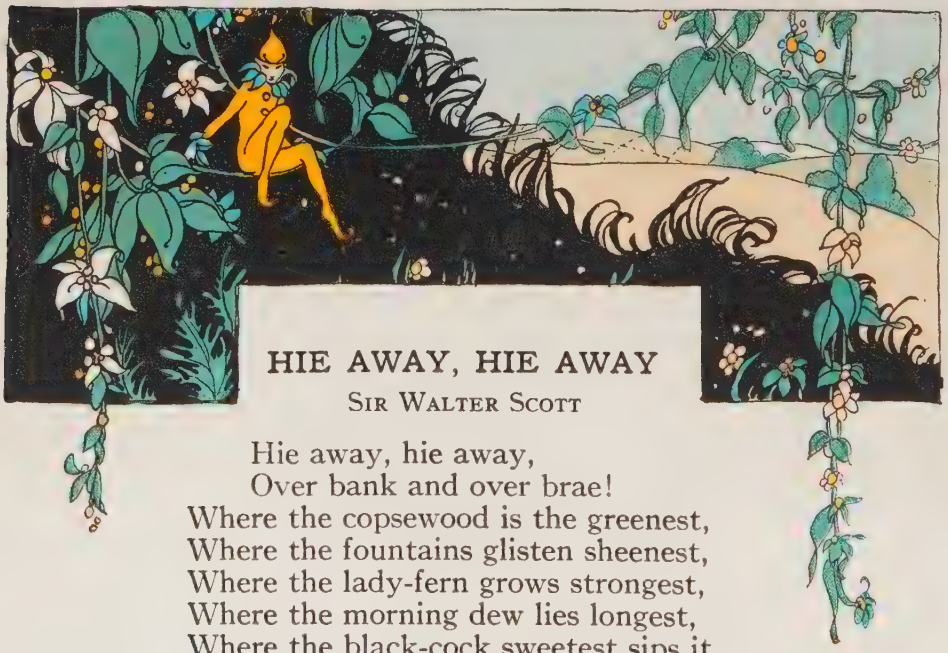
With these words he climbed up into a chair and loosening the cage from the golden chain by which it hung, he carried it carefully to the nearest crack of light and placed it close to the narrow opening. Again was heard the harsh, grating sound and the walls moved a bit and the windows were now at least an inch wide. At this the poor Prince clasped his hands with delight. He sat himself down near the bird cage and gazed out of the narrow opening. Never before had the trees looked so tall and stately, or the white clouds floating through the sky so lovely. The next day as he was carefully cleaning the bird's cage so that the little creature might be somewhat more comfortable, the walls again creaked and groaned and the mirrors grew narrower by just so many inches as the windows widened. But Prince Harweda saw only the flood of sunshine that poured in, and the added beauty of the larger landscape. He cared nothing whatever now for the stupid mirrors which could only reflect what was placed before them. Each day he found something new and beautiful in the view from the narrow windows. Now it was a squirrel frisking about and running up some tall tree trunk so rapidly that Prince Harweda could not follow it with his eyes; again it was a mother bird feeding her young. By

this time the windows were a foot wide or more. One day as two white doves suddenly soared aloft in the blue sky the poor little bird who had now become the tenderly cared for comrade of the young Prince, gave a pitiful little thrill. "Dear little fellow," cried Prince Harweda, "do you also long for your freedom? You shall at least be as free as I am." So saying, he opened the cage door and the bird flew out.

The Prince laughed as he watched it flutter about from chair to table and back to chair again. He was so much occupied with the bird that he did not notice that the walls had again shaken and the windows were now their full size, until the added light caused him to look around. He turned and saw the room looking almost exactly as it did the day he entered it with so much pride because it was all his own. Now it seemed close and stuffy and he would gladly have exchanged it for the humblest home in his father's kingdom where he could meet people and hear them talk and see them smile at each other, even if they should take no notice of him. One day soon after this, the little bird fluttered up against the window pane and beat his wings against it in a vain effort to get out. A new idea seized the young Prince, and taking up one of the golden jars he went to the window and struck on one of its checkered panes of glass with all his force. "You shall be free, even if I can not," said he to the bird. Two or three strong blows shivered the small pane and the bird swept out into the free open air beyond. "Ah, my pretty one, how glad I am that you are free at last," exclaimed the prince as he stood watching the flight of his fellow-prisoner. His face was bright with glad, unselfish joy over the bird's liberty. The small, pink marble palace shook from top to bottom, the iron door flew open and the fresh wind from the sea rushed in and seemed to catch the boy in its invisible arms. Prince Harweda could hardly believe his eyes as he sprang

to the door. There stood his fairy god-mother, smiling and with her hand reached out toward him. "Come, my god-child," said she gently, "we shall now go back to your father and mother."

Great indeed was the rejoicing in the palace when Prince Harweda was returned to them a sweet, loving boy, kind and thoughtful to all about him. Many a struggle he had with himself and many a conquest, but as time passed by he grew to be a great and wise king, tenderly caring for all his people and loved by them in return.



HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae!
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green!
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away!

Hansel and Grethel*

Once upon a time there lived in a little cottage on the edge of the Black Forest in Germany a broom-maker, named Peter, and his wife, Gertrude. They had two children, a boy, Hansel, and Grethel, a pretty little girl. Now Peter and Gertrude worked hard for a living and Hansel and Grethel each had their tasks to perform to help provide for their daily needs. One fine summer's day Gertrude said to the children:

"Go out into the forest, my dears, and pick some strawberries that our table may not be bare for supper."

So Hansel took a basket from the wall, and Grethel took her brother by the hand, and off they went into the woods. The air was cool and pleasant, the little birds sang in the trees, and the children walked along over a carpet of thick, soft moss and sweet-smelling pine needles, while the sunshine trickled down through the leaves and made blotches of gold on their path.

*Adapted from the opera, *Hansel and Grethel*, by Humperdinck.

Farther and farther into the forest they wandered, picking strawberries and gathering flowers, of which they made garlands and nosegays. At last Hansel cried joyously:

"See our basket! It is full! We shall all have berries for supper."

But just at that moment the cry of a cuckoo sounded near at hand, echoing through the forest.

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" cried Grethel, imitating the cry of the bird. "Cuck-oo, thou stealer of eggs!"

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" answered Hansel roguishly. "Cuck-oo, thou stealer of *strawberries!*" And he stole a strawberry out of the basket and sucked it into his mouth as though he were a cuckoo sucking the egg he had found in another bird's nest.

"Ho! Ho!" cried Grethel, "I can do that, too! Just watch me!" And she took a berry also and sucked it into her mouth. Then the cuckoo in the forest cried again.

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" mimicked Grethel, and Hansel laughed and cried as before, "Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! thou stealer of strawberries!" This time, however, he stole not one berry, but a whole handful to eat, and Grethel, not to be outdone, took just as many as he. So the children played the game of the cuckoo, turn and turn about, till they grew so excited over their play, they began to snatch the basket back and forth and quarrel over who should have it. Hansel was stronger than Grethel and finally he jerked it out of her hands. In a twinkling he poured all the rest of the berries into his mouth and greedily swallowed them, every one.

"What have you done? What have you done?" cried Grethel. Then she began to weep for she saw what they had done. "We have eaten up all the berries and there will be nothing at all for mother and father for supper!"

At that, Hansel also stood still and was sorrowful and repentant.

"We must gather more," he said, but now as the children looked about, they saw that while they had been eating and

quarreling, the sun had sunk in the west. Dull gold gleamed the sky through the pine trees, the songs of the birds were hushed, and about them was dim, gray twilight.

"Nay, we cannot see to gather berries now," cried Grethel and she crowded up close to her brother. Hansel squared his shoulders, threw up his head and took his sister by the hand.

"Come," he said, "I shall find the way out of the forest."

On they wandered and on, but they could no longer see the path. The farther they went, the deeper they lost themselves in the wood. And now all the light had faded out of the sky. It was dark, quite dark. Black loomed the giant pine trees, ghostly gleamed the little white birches, the woods were filled with strange night sounds, over the marshes white mists arose, and hither and thither before them darted the gleaming fire of the will-o'-the-wisp. Still Hansel held his shoulders square and strode sturdily forward, holding his sister fast by the hand. But at last the two were both wearied out. Not another step could they plod. So they stopped in a little glade and said their evening prayer together. Then they laid themselves down on the moss and fell fast asleep with their arms about each other.

By and by a bird twittered in the trees, the sun came streaking through the leaves—it was morning. Grethel stretched herself and awoke. "Wake up, Hansel," cried she, and when he, too, had opened his eyes, they set off once more through the forest.

They had gone some little distance when lo! they came on a queer little house. Both stood still in amazement,—the cottage was all made of frosted cake. Its roof was of tarts and cookies and its windows of transparent sugar. Around it stood a fence of life-sized gingerbread girls and boys. The children thought they had never seen anything so inviting.

"Ah," cried Hansel at once, "this will be something for us! We will have a good meal!" And he ran forward and broke

off a little piece of trimming from the house, while Grethel helped herself to a cooky shingle from the roof. Then there was heard a little voice from within the cottage:

"Nibble, nibble, little mouse,
Who nibbles at my little house?"

But the children paid no heed. Hansel seized a whole frosting balcony and Grethel wrenched off a tart. Then was heard again the little voice from within the cottage:

"Nibble, nibble, little mouse,
Who nibbles at my little house?"

Still the children turned a deaf ear and went on cramming

themselves. Now Hansel boldly broke off a great piece of the house itself and Grethel pushed a whole round pane out of one of the windows. Then all at once the door opened, and out of the sugary-pugary cottage, came an ugly old witch. Hansel and Grethel were so astonished that they dropped what they held to the ground. But their first alarm was soon lulled to rest, for the old woman said in a voice as sweet as honey:

"Ah, my dear, sweet little children, who brought you here? Come in and stay with me! I will feed you full of sweetmeats."

She took them by the hand and, thinking only of what more they might find to eat within, they followed her into the house. A nice dinner she set before them, pancakes and sugar, syrup and honey, and soon Hansel and Grethel were so greedily stuffing themselves that they forgot entirely to be on their guard against the old witch. She called them by such pet names as Sugar Plum and Sugar Dolly and said she loved such sweet little dears

—loved them so much she could just eat them up! But Hansel and Grethel paid no heed. After dinner, she showed them two little white beds in which they slept through the night.

But early in the morning before Hansel and Grethel were awake, the old witch got up, went over to a great oven in one corner of the house and lit a blazing fire under it.

"Sweet little dears. They will be dainty morsels. They will make beautiful gingerbread children," she said, for this old syrup and honey witch lured children with sweetmeats to her sugar cottage. Then she popped them into the oven and turned them to gingerbread.

When the fire was going, she seized Hansel right out of bed with one bony hand and carried him wriggling and squirming off to a cage that stood behind the house. Here she locked him up and left him, though he shook the iron bars as hard as he could, and shrieked to her boldly to let him loose. After that she came back and rudely awakened Grethel.

"Get up, little lazy bones!" she cried. "Get up and set the table. Lay out on the cloth my little plate and my little knife and my little napkin to wipe my mouth, and do it all quickly—I'm to have a delicious gingerbread boy for my breakfast."

Now Grethel began to suspect that the witch was not as sweet as she seemed. She saw Hansel shut up in the cage and heard the noise he was making, and there she must lay out the little plate and wonder what was to be eaten on it, and lay out the little knife and wonder what was to be cut with it, and lay out the napkin and wonder, wonder, wonder. When the table was laid, the old witch called to Grethel.

"Creep into the oven, little sweetie, and see if it is properly heated. If it is, then we'll put in our dough."

She meant when Grethel had crawled in to bang the door shut, and have a gingerbread girl as well as a boy for her break-

fast. But by this time Grethel guessed what the old woman intended. So she answered:

"I don't know how to get into the oven."

"Ah, my dear little Sugar Dolly," cried the witch. "Just crawl in. The opening is big enough,—I could even do it myself."

As she spoke, she hobbled up and poked her head into the opening. Quick as lightning Grethel gave her a shove and sent her head first, sprawling, into the oven. Then Grethel banged the door and bolted it and ran off to the iron cage. In a twinkling she had set Hansel free and the two hurried out of the cottage.

There, all about the house, they saw the row of gingerbread children turning pink and rosy, beginning to yawn and stretch themselves and move their arms and legs. They had all become real children again, set free from the old witch's charms when Grethel popped her into the oven. Joyously they thronged around Hansel and Grethel as soon as they awoke. Then all in a body they went into the house to peep into the oven and see what had become of their enemy. There, lo and behold! was no witch at all but just a huge ginger cake! But the children had no more desire to eat sweeties, you may believe, so they left the ginger cake and ran, laughing into the forest.

They had not gone far, when Hansel and Grethel heard voices calling, and in another moment there came Peter and Gertrude to meet them. The children ran and threw themselves into the arms of their father and mother. Long had Peter and Gertrude searched for their little ones, and now they held them close and covered them with kisses. Then they turned with glad cries and started off once more to lead all the children back to their homes. As they walked through the woods, Hansel and Grethel filled their basket with strawberries and when they returned to their own humble cottage, they all shared the simple supper and great was their rejoicing.

The Princess on the Glass Hill*

SIR GEORGE WEBB DASENT

ONCE on a time there was a man who had a meadow, which lay high up on the hillside, and in the meadow was a barn, which he had built to keep his hay in. Now, I must tell you there hadn't been much in the barn for the last year or two, for every St. John's night, when the grass stood greenest and deepest, the meadow was eaten down to the very ground just as if a whole drove of sheep had been there feeding on it over night. This happened once, it happened twice; so at last the man grew weary of losing his crop of hay, and said to his sons—for he had three of them, and the youngest was nicknamed Boots, of course—that now one of them must go and sleep in the barn in the outlying field when St. John's night came, for it was too good a joke that his grass should be eaten, root and blade, this year, as it had been the last two years. So whichever of them went must keep a sharp lookout; that was what their father said.

Well, the eldest son was ready to go and watch the meadow; trust him for looking after the grass! It shouldn't be his fault if man or beast got a blade of grass. So, when evening came, he set off to the barn, and lay down to sleep; but a little on in the night came such a clatter, and such an earthquake, that walls and roof shook, and groaned, and creaked; then up jumped the lad, and took to his heels as fast as ever he could; nor dared he once look round till he reached home; and as for the hay, why it was eaten up this year just as it had been twice before.

The next St. John's night, the man said again it would never do to lose all the grass in the outlying field year after year in this

*From *Popular Tales from the Norse*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

way, so one of his sons must just trudge off to watch it, and watch it well, too. Well, the next oldest son was ready to try his luck, so he set off, and lay down to sleep in the barn as his brother had done before him; but as night wore on there came on a rumbling and quaking of the earth, worse even than on the last St. John's night, and when the lad heard it he got frightened, and took to his heels as though he were running a race.

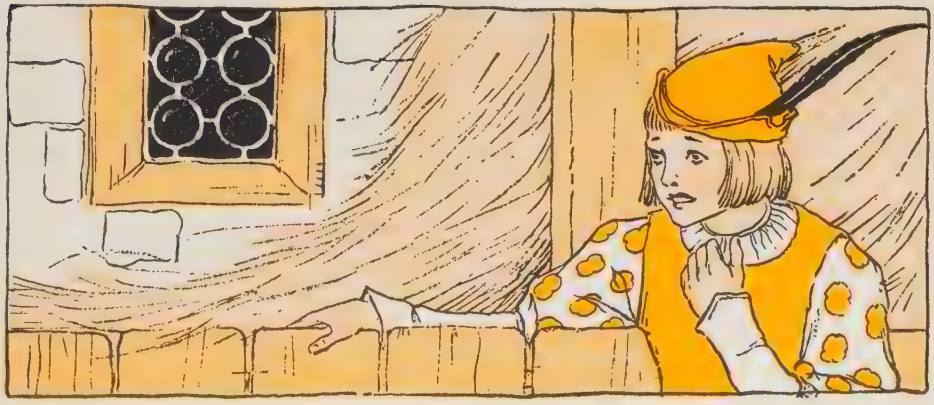
Next year the turn came to Boots; but when he made ready to go, the other two began to laugh, and to make game of him, saying,—

"You're just the man to watch the hay, that you are; you who have done nothing all your life but sit in the ashes and toast yourself by the fire."

But Boots did not care a pin for their chattering, and stumped away, as evening drew on, up the hill-side to the outlying field. There he went inside the barn and lay down; but in about an hour's time the barn began to groan and creak, so that it was dreadful to hear.

"Well," said Boots to himself, "if it isn't worse than this, I can stand it well enough."

A little while after came another creak and an earthquake, so that the litter in the barn flew about the lad's ears.



"Oh!" said Boots to himself, "if it isn't worse than this, I daresay I can stand it out."

But just then came a third rumbling, and a third earthquake, so that the lad thought walls and roof were coming down on his head; but it passed off, and all was still as death about him.

"It'll come again, I'll be bound," thought Boots; but no, it did not come again; still it was and still it stayed; but after he had lain a little while he heard a noise as if a horse were standing just outside the barn-door. He peeped through a chink, and there stood a horse feeding away. So big, and fat, and grand a horse, Boots had never set eyes on; by his side on the grass lay a saddle and bridle, and a full set of armour for a knight, all of brass, so bright that the light gleamed from it.

"Ho, ho!" thought the lad; "it's you, is it, that eats up our hay? I'll soon put a spoke in your wheel; just see if I don't."

So he lost no time, but took the steel out of his tinder-box, and threw it over the horse; then it had no power to stir from the spot, and became so tame that the lad could do what he liked with it. So he got on its back, and rode off with it to a place which no one knew of, and there he put up the horse. When he got home his brothers laughed, and asked how he had fared?

"You didn't lie long in the barn, even if you had the heart to go as far as the field."

"Well," said Boots, "all I can say is, I lay in the barn till the sun rose, and neither saw nor heard anything; I can't think what there was in the barn to make you both so afraid."

"A pretty story!" said his brothers. "But we'll soon see how you have watched the meadow." So they set off; but when they reached it, there stood the grass as deep and thick as it had been over night.

Well, the next St. John's eve it was the same story over again; neither of the older brothers dared to go out to the outlying

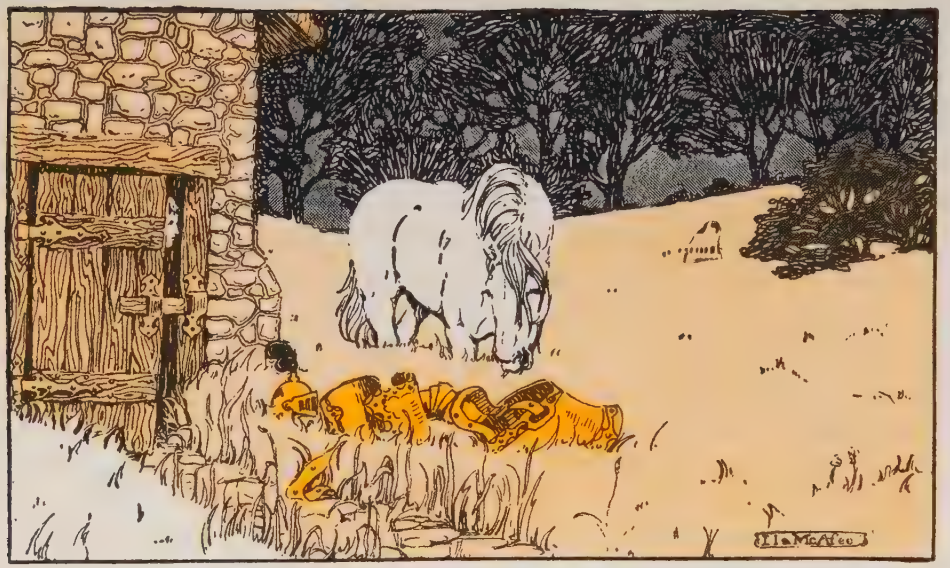
field to watch the crop; but Boots, he had the heart to go, and everything happened just as it had happened the year before. First a clatter and an earthquake, then a greater clatter and another earthquake, and so on a third time; only this year the earthquakes were far worse than the year before. Then all at once everything was as still as death and the lad heard how something was cropping the grass outside the barn-door, so he stole to the door, and peeped through a chink; and what do you think he saw? Why, another horse standing right up against the wall, and chewing and champing with might and main. It was far finer and fatter than that which came the year before, and it had a saddle on its back and a bridle on its neck, and a full suit of mail for a knight lay by its side, all of silver, and as grand as you would wish to see.

"Ho, ho!" said Boots to himself; "it's you that gobbles up our hay, is it? I'll soon put a spoke in your wheel;" and with that he took the steel out of his tinder-box, and threw it over the horse's crest, which stood as still as a lamb. Well, the lad rode this horse, too, to the hiding-place where he kept the other one, and after that he went home.

"I suppose you'll tell us," said one of his brothers, "there's a fine crop this year, too, up in the hayfield."

"Well, so there is," said Boots; and off ran the others to see. There stood the grass and thick and deep, as it was the year before; but they didn't give Boots softer words for all that.

Now, when the third St. John's eve came, the two elder still hadn't the heart to lie out in the barn and watch the grass, for they had got so scared at heart the night they lay there before, but Boots, he dared to go; and, to make a long story short, the very same thing happened this time as had happened twice before. Three earthquakes came, one after the other each worse than the one which went before, and when the last came, the



lad danced about with the shock from one barn wall to the other; and, after that, all at once, it was still as death. Now when he had lain a little while he heard something tugging away at the grass outside the barn, so he stole again to the door-chink, and peeped out, and there stood a horse close outside—far, far bigger and fatter than the two he had taken before.

"Ho, ho!" said the lad to himself, "it's you, is it, that comes here eating up our hay? I'll soon stop that—I'll soon put a spoke in your wheel." So he caught up his steel and threw it over the horse's neck, and in a trice it stood as if it were nailed to the ground, and Boots could do as he pleased with it. Then he rode off with it to the hiding-place where he kept the other two, and then went home. When he got home his two brothers made game of him as they had done before, saying they could see he had watched the grass well, for he looked for all the world as if he were walking in his sleep, and many other spiteful things they said, but Boots gave no heed to them, only asking them to

go and see for themselves; and when they went, there stood the grass as fine and deep this time as it had been twice before.

Now, you must know that the King of the country where Boots lived had a daughter, whom he would only give to the man who could ride up over the hill of glass, for there was a high, high, high hill, all of glass, as smooth and slippery as ice, close to the King's palace. Upon the tip-top of the hill the King's daughter was to sit, with three golden apples in her lap, and the man who could ride up and carry off the three golden apples was to have half the kingdom, and the Princess to wife. This the King had stuck up on all the church-doors in his realm, and had given it out in many other kingdoms besides. Now, this Princess was so lovely that all who set eyes on her fell over head and ears in love with her whether they would or no. So I needn't tell you how all the princes and knights who heard of her were eager to win her and half the kingdom beside; and how they came riding from all parts of the world on high prancing horses, and clad in the grandest clothes, for there wasn't one of them who hadn't made up his mind that he, and he alone, was to win the Princess.

So when the day of trial came, which the King had fixed, there was such a crowd of princes and knights under the glass hill that it made one's head whirl to look at them; and every one in the country who could even crawl along was off to the hill, for they were eager to see the man who was to win the Princess. So the two elder brothers set off with the rest; but as for Boots, they said outright he shouldn't go with them, for if they were seen with such a dirty lad, all begrimed with smut from cleaning their shoes and sifting cinders in the dusthole, they said folk would make game of them.

"Very well," said Boots, "it's all one to me. I can go alone, and stand or fall by myself."

Now when the two brothers came to the hill of glass the knights and princes were all hard at it, riding their horses till they were all in a foam; but it was no good, by my troth; for as soon as ever the horses set foot on the hill, down they slipped, and there wasn't one who could get a yard or two up; and no wonder, for the hill was as smooth as a sheet of glass, and as steep as a house-wall. But all were eager to have the Princess and half the kingdom. So they rode and slipped, and slipped and rode, and still it was the same story over again. At last all their horses were so weary that they could scarce lift a leg, and in such a sweat that the lather dripped from them, and so the knights had to give up trying any more. So the King was just thinking that he would proclaim a new trial for the next day, to see if they would have better luck, when all at once a knight came riding up on so brave a steed no one had ever seen the like of it in his born days, and the knight had mail of brass, and the horse a brass bit in his mouth, so bright that the sunbeams shone from it. Then all the others called out to him he might just as well spare himself the trouble of riding at the hill, for it would lead to no good; but he gave no heed to them, and put his horse at the hill, and went up it like nothing for a good way, about a third of the height; and when he got so far, he turned his horse round and rode down again. So lovely a knight the Princess thought she had never yet seen, and while he was riding she sat and thought to herself—

"Would to heaven he might only come up, and down the other side."

And when she saw him turning back, she threw down one of the golden apples after him, and it rolled down into his shoe. But when he got to the bottom of the hill he rode off so fast that no one could tell what had become of him. That evening all the knights and princes were to go before the King that he who

had ridden so far up the hill might show the apple which the Princess had thrown, but there was no one who had anything to show. One after the other they all came, but not a man could show the apple.

At even the brothers of Boots came home, too, and had such a long story to tell about the riding up the hill.

"First of all," they said, "there was not one of the whole lot who could get so much as a stride up; but at last came one who had a suit of brass mail, and a brass bridle and saddle, all so bright that the sun shone from them a mile off. He was a chap to ride, just! He rode a third of the way up the hill of glass, and he could easily have ridden the whole way up, if he chose; but he turned round and rode down, thinking, maybe, that was enough for once."

"Oh! I should so like to have seen him, that I should," said Boots, who sat by the fireside, and stuck his feet into the cinders as was his wont.

"Oh!" said his brothers, "you would, would you? You look fit to keep company with such high lords, dirty fellow that you are sitting there amongst the ashes."

Next day the brothers were all for setting off again, and Boots begged them this time, too, to let him go with them and see the riding but, no, they wouldn't have him at any price.

"Well, well!" said Boots; "if I go at all, I must go by myself. I'm not afraid."

So when the brothers got to the hill of glass, all the princes and knights began to ride again, and you may fancy they had taken care to shoe their horses sharp; but it was no good—they rode and slipped, and slipped and rode, just as they had done the day before, and there was not one who could get so far as a yard up the hill. And when they had worn out their horses, so that they could not stir a leg, they were all forced to give it up

as a bad job. So the King thought he might as well proclaim that the riding should take place the day after for the last time, just to give them one chance more; but all at once it came across his mind that he might as well wait a little longer, to see if the knight in brass mail would come this day too. Well, they saw nothing of him, but all at once came one riding on a steed far, far braver and finer than that on which the knight in brass had ridden, and he had silver mail, and a silver saddle all so bright that the sunbeams gleamed and glanced from them far away. Then the others shouted out to him again, saying he might as well hold hard, and not try to ride up the hill, for all his trouble would be thrown away; but the knight paid no heed to them, and rode straight at the hill, and right up it, till he had gone two-thirds of the way, and then he wheeled his horse round and rode down again. To tell the truth, the Princess liked him still better than the knight in brass, and she sat and wished he might only be able to come right up to the top and down the other side; but when she saw him turning back she threw the second apple after him, and it rolled down and fell into his shoe. But as soon as ever he had come down from the hill of glass, he rode off so fast that no one could see what became of him.

At even, when all were to go in before the King and the Princess, that he who had the golden apple might show it, in they went, one after the other, but there was no one who had any apple to show, and the two brothers, as they had done on the former day, went home and told how things had gone, and how all had ridden at the hill and none got up.

"But, last of all," they said, "came one in a silver suit, and his horse had a silver saddle and a silver bridle. He was just a chap to ride; and he got two-thirds up the hill, and then turned back. He was a fine fellow and no mistake; and the Princess threw the second gold apple to him."

"Oh!" said Boots, "I should so like to have seen him, too, that I should."

"A pretty story!" they said. "Perhaps you think his coat of mail was as bright as the ashes you are always poking about!"

The third day everything happened as it had happened the two days before. There was no one who could get so much as a yard up the hill; and now all waited for the knight in silver mail, but they neither saw nor heard of him. At last came one riding on a steed, so brave that no one had ever seen his match; and the knight had a suit of golden mail, and a golden saddle and bridle, so wondrous bright that the sunbeams gleamed from them a mile off. The other knights and princes could not find time to call out to him not to try his luck, for they were amazed to see how grand he was. So he rode at the hill, and tore up it like nothing, so that the Princess hadn't even time to wish that he might get up the whole way. As soon as ever he reached the top, he took the third golden apple from the Princess' lap, and then turned his horse and rode down again. As soon as he got down, he rode off at full speed, and was out of sight in no time.

Now, when the brothers got home at even, you may fancy what long stories they told, how the riding had gone off that day; and amongst other things, they had a deal to say about the knight in golden mail.

"He just was a chap to ride!" they said, "so grand a knight isn't to be found in the wide world."

"Oh!" said Boots, "I should so like to have seen him; that I should."

Next day all the knights and princes were to pass before the King and the Princess—it was too late to do so the night before, I suppose—that he who had the gold apple might bring it forth; but one came after another, first the princes, and then

the knights, and still there was no one who could show the gold apple.

"Well," said the King, "some one must have it, for it was something that we all saw with our own eyes, how a man came and rode up and bore it off."

So he commanded that every one who was in the kingdom should come up to the palace and see if they could show the apple. Well, they all came, one after another, but no one had the golden apple, and after a long time the two brothers of Boots came. They were the last of all, so the King asked them if there was no one else in the kingdom who hadn't come.

"Oh, yes," said they, "we have a brother, but he never carried off the golden apple. He hasn't stirred out of the dust-hole on any of the three days."

"Never mind that," said the King; "he may as well come up to the palace like the rest."

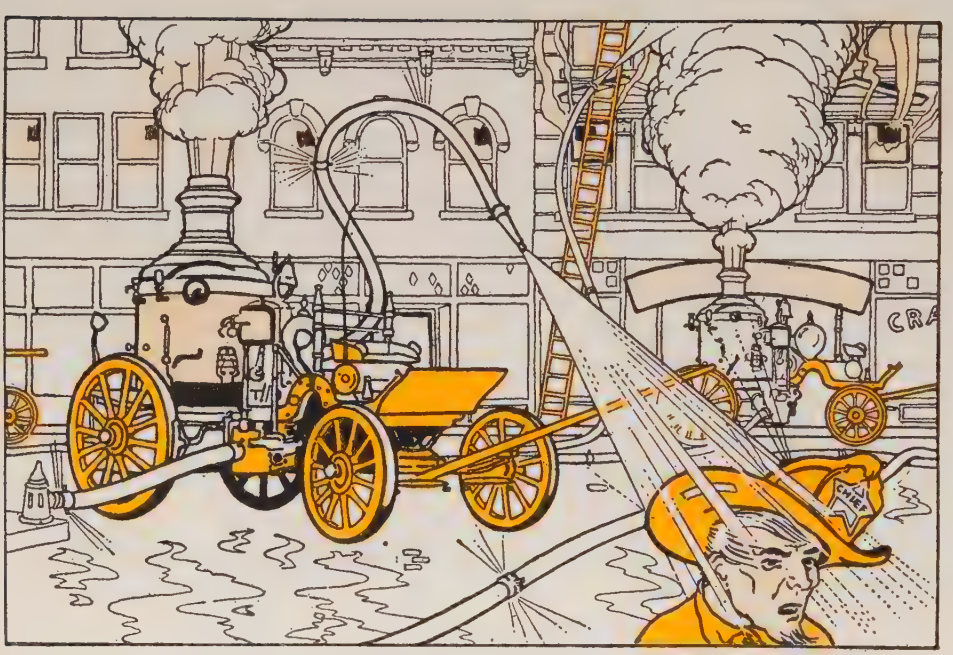
So Boots had to go up to the palace.

"How, now," said the King; "have you got the golden apple? Speak out!"

"Yes, I have," said Boots; "here is the first, and here is the second, and there is the third, too;" and with that he pulled all three golden apples out of his pocket, and at the same time threw off his sooty rags, and stood before them in his gleaming golden mail.

"Yes!" said the King; "you shall have my daughter and half my kingdom, for you well deserve both her and it."

So they got ready for the wedding, and Boots got the Princess to wife, and there was great merry-making at the bridal-feast, you may fancy, for they could all be merry though they couldn't ride up the hill of glass; and all I can say is, if they haven't left off their merry-making yet, why, they're still at it.



The Pert Fire Engine*

GELETT BURGESS

There were many fire engines, members of the Fire Department of the City o' Ligg, but of all the number, the most ill-behaved was the disreputable little Number Four. He was known all over the city as the black sheep of the flock, and every one knew the stories of his mischief.

In spite of his evil deeds he was a very handsome machine, wearing a pretty coat of enamel, and all his fittings were nickeled, so that they shone like silver buttons. He always had silken hose, too, for he was very rich. But he usually was the last engine at the fire, and he was always sure to shirk. He would hold back when he was signalled to "*Play away, Four,*" and he would squirt a stream strong enough to drench the Chief, when

*From *The Lively City o'Ligg*. Reprinted by special arrangement with the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

he should have held back. He consumed an enormous amount of the most expensive fuel, and he wheezed and puffed till the air shook with vibrations. He could have been the best engine in the fire department if he had wanted to, but he didn't.

So the people of the City o' Ligg were not very much surprised when they heard that Number Four had run away. They hoped only that he would stay away, for they could get along much better without him. "He's more trouble than he's worth," said an old ladder-cart. "I've been tempted more than once to fall on him and break his boiler for him. He wouldn't even have his hose darned, because he prefers to leak all over the street!"

For a few weeks Number Four enjoyed his truancy. He spent most of his time down by a lake, a little outside the city, and there he amused himself by going in swimming, and squirting water over himself like an elephant, till he shone brilliantly in the sunshine. When he was tired of that, he went around to the farm houses, and sucked all the water out of their wells, and flooded their cellars. The stables were all very much afraid of him, but dared not complain, though they told their fences to catch him if they could.

Another favorite game of his was to fill his tank with water, and squirt it at the windmills, playing on their sails so as to make the wheels spin backwards. This made many of the windmills so dizzy that they had to stop pumping for weeks.

But at last Number Four grew tired of this mischief in the country, and he began to cast about for something more exciting to do. So one night he loaded himself with water and rolled into the City o' Ligg.

He drew up before a two-story house that was not painted, but only whitewashed, and began to squirt water all over her. The poor little house shut all her doors and windows, but even

then she was drenched to the skin, and after an hour or so, almost all the whitewash was soaked off, and she stood cold, dripping and shivering in the night air, with her naked boards streaked with white. The naughty fire engine laughed brutally at her distress, and went back to the lake to concoct more mischief.

Every night after that, Number Four went into the town and drenched the houses, laughing, as he poured streams of cold water down their chimneys, breaking their windows, washing away their foundations, and splashing them all over with muddy water.

At last it got to be altogether too much to endure, and the houses consulted together to see how Number Four could be caught and punished. They could think of no way, however, and so, after the fire engine had showered a very old and respectable church, and given it a severe cold, they applied to the telegraph office to help them.

The telegraph office was by far the cleverest building in the City o' Ligg, but it took him some time to think of a remedy for this trouble. He consulted, by wire, with all the offices around Ligg, and at last they decided upon a plan.

Notice was sent to all the telegraph poles to strip off their wires and come into Ligg for further orders. The next day the houses were surprised to see a procession of long, naked telegraph poles march into town, each with a roll of wire on his arm. They marched up to the telegraph office that night and received their instructions.

As soon as it was dark, the poles separated this way and that, going some to one part of the town, and some to another, till the whole city was surrounded. For several hours, while the houses slept in peace, the poles worked, going in and out with the wires till they had woven a fence all round the town. At the principal entrances, they left the streets free for the fire engine to get in; but they contrived big V-shaped traps here

and there, which could be closed by the poles at a moment's notice. It was by this time twelve o'clock, the hour when Number Four usually appeared, and when all the town was quiet the poles waited for the bad engine to come.

At last they heard the rumble of wheels on the road from the lake, and in the dark they saw a bright light approaching; it was the fire in the naughty engine, who was puffing his way into the town, chuckling to himself over the fun he was to have with the Town Hall that night; for he had planned to fill the whole of the third story with water before he came back.

Number Four came up to the city gate, with no suspicion of what was awaiting him, and boldly rolled up the main avenue, past the double line of sleeping houses. There was one house that was snoring with a rough noise, and the fire engine turned with a laugh and sent a stream of water through the window.

Suddenly the telegraph poles closed round him; they waved and towered over his head, they lay on the ground across his road, they threatened to fall upon him. The poor engine was terrified out of his senses. He backed and jumped, he whistled and groaned, and he spouted a black column of smoke out of his funnel, and sent streams of water in every direction. Suddenly seeing an opening, he darted back toward the gate, but he soon found hinself walled in by the wire fences. He tried another way and another, but there was no escape; the wires hemmed him in on all sides, till he finally was stuck so fast that he could not move, and he stood panting, waiting to see what would happen next.

His wheels were tied, and his fires put out, and the next morning the poor, shame-faced engine was pulled into town past the lines of houses, who jeered at him scornfully. He was led into the Park in the center of the City o' Ligg, and there, where all the principal buildings could see, he was severely scolded

by the Mayor. It was a long lecture, telling all the story of his wickedness, and ending with the sentence that was to be inflicted upon him as a punishment. One by one they took off his bright red gold wheels, they took off his pole, and whipple trees, his seat-cushions, and tool-box, and then they dug a deep hole in the middle of the Park, by the side of a well, put him in, covered him with dirt, and sodded over the burial place.

And now when the tourists in the City o' Ligg compliment the Mayor upon the beautiful fountain that plays night and day in the middle of the Park, sending up a straight stream of water a hundred feet in the air, the Mayor says:

"Oh, yes; quite so, quite so! That is the naughty fire engine, little Number Four, working out his time of punishment. He was put in for twenty years, but if he behaves well, we're going to let him out in nineteen!"

The Marvelous Pot

J. CHRISTIAN BAY*

Out where the land was poor there stood a small cottage. The roof was so low that one could hardly see it from the road. In this cottage lived a man and his wife. They were so poor that they couldn't afford to keep more than one cow and yet they were honest and worthy. Times became worse and worse, they sold their furniture and lived on the bare floor. An ugly old man in town bought their poor little things, but refused to pay for them,—that was his way of treating poor people. He cheated them, too, by putting saw dust in the flour that he sold them, and he took their very last cent for sugar so mixed with salt that it would not sweeten anything.

The poor people didn't know what to do, for their children had to go hungry. At last they made up their minds to sell the cow, and the man started for town leading Bossy by a rope. As he walked along the road, a stranger hailed him, and asked if he wanted to sell the cow.

"I'll take twenty dollars for her," answered the man.

"All my money's gone," said the stranger, "but look here—I have a little thing which is worth more than twenty dollars. Here is a pot. I'll give you that for your cow." And he pulled forth an old iron pot with three legs and a handle.

"A pot!" said the poor man. "What good would that pot do me and my family when we have nothing to put into it? Do you think one gets anything out of a pot without putting something into it?"

Just then the three-legged pot began to talk.

"Take me! Take me!" it said. "I'll get food enough for you and all your family."

When the poor man heard this, he thought that if the pot could speak it might do even

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more. So he closed the bargain, took the pot, and brought it home.

When he returned to the cottage he first went to the stall where the good old cow had stood, for he was sorry that he had lost her. He then tied the pot where the cow had been, and went on into the house.

"Did you sell the cow?" asked the wife.

"Yes," said he.

"That is well," remarked the wife. "The money you got will last a long time, if we can get some honest flour and sugar of the rich merchant."

Then the man had to confess that he had received no money for the cow.

"Dear me!" said the woman. "What did you get, then?"

He told her to go and look in the stall.

When the wife saw the iron pot she scolded her husband roundly.

"What a blockhead!" she cried. "Why didn't I take the cow to town myself! I never heard of such foolishness—to sell a good cow for an old iron pot."

"Clean me, and put me on the fire!" cried the pot all at once.

The woman was dumb for wonder.

"Can—can you speak? A-a-are you alive?" she asked at last.

"Come and see!" said the pot.

So the woman took the pot, scrubbed and cleaned it, and put it on the fire.

"I skip, I skip!" cried the pot.

"How far do you skip?" asked the woman.

"To the rich man's house, to the rich man's house," cried the pot. "Here I go—

lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady,"

and off it went on its three small legs, up the road.

The rich merchant lived in the middle of the town, in a great house. His wife was in the kitchen, baking bread, when the pot came pattering in, jumped on the table and stood there, stock still.

"Well," exclaimed the rich man's wife, "I call that luck. I just need you for the pudding I am going to bake." So she put all kinds of good things into the pot,—fine flour, sweet sugar, a lot of butter, raisins, almonds, and a good pinch of spices for flavoring. At last, when the pot was full of rich and savory dough, she tried to take it by the handle, to put it into the oven,—but

lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady,

went the three short legs, and the pot was soon out of the door.

"Dear me!" screamed the woman. "Where are you going with my fine pudding?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home," said the pot, and off it went in earnest.

When the poor people saw the pot as it skipped into their room, with the pudding, they were very glad. The man asked his wife if she didn't think the bargain turned out pretty well, after all. She said she was pleased indeed, and begged pardon for the hard words she had used. They made a fine meal of the pudding, and the children had all they could eat.

Next morning the pot again cried, "I skip, I skip!"

"How far do you skip?" asked they.

"To the rich man's barn, to the rich man's barn," it shouted, and off it went.

When it came to the rich man's barn, it stopped at the gate. There were some men inside, threshing wheat.

"Look at that black pot!" they said. "Let us see how much it will hold!" And so they poured a bushel of wheat into it. The pot held it all, and there was still space left. Another bushel went in, but even this did not fill the pot. So they threw in

every grain of wheat they had. When there was no more left, the legs began to move, and

lackady, lackady, lackady, lackady,

the pot was off up the road.

"Stop!" cried the men. "Where do you go with all our wheat?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home!" cried the pot, and off it went on its way.

Next morning the pot once more skipped up the old road. The sun was out, the birds bathed in the brook, and the air was so warm that the rich merchant had spread his money on a table near an open window to prevent the gold from becoming tarnished.

All at once the pot stood on the window-sill, and as the man counted his money, it made a skip and a bound and stood right beside him. He could not imagine where the pot came from, but thought it would be a good place to put his money as he counted it. So he threw in one handful after another until all was there. At that the pot made another skip and a bound and landed on the window-sill.

"Hold on!" shouted the rich merchant. "Where are you going with my money?"

"To the poor man's home, to the poor man's home," answered the pot, as it jumped from the window, and it skipped down the road so merrily that the money danced within it. In the middle of the poor man's house it stopped and turned a somersault. The money rolled all over the floor, and the poor people could scarcely believe their eyes. Then the little pot cried:

"As much for you as is your due, and the rest for the other poor people in town from whom the rich man stole it."

"Many thanks, little pot," said the man and his wife. "We'll keep you well cleaned and scoured for this!"

Next morning the pot again said it was ready to skip.

"How far do you skip?" asked the farmer's family.

"To the rich man's house, to the rich man's house." And off it was. It never stopped until it stood right in the middle of the rich man's office. As soon as he saw it, he cried:

"There is the black pot that carried off our pudding, our wheat, and all our money!—Here you! Give back all the things you took from me!"

"You took it from the poor people all over town," answered the pot. "Now it goes back to whom it belongs. Make your money honestly, and you'll keep it—Good-bye."

The three short legs began to move.

"Hold on!" yelled the merchant, and he flung himself squarely on the pot to hold it. But the pot kept on moving.

"I skip, I skip!" cried the pot.

"Skip to the North Pole, if you wish," shrieked the merchant. At that, the pot skipped down the road, and the man now found himself stuck to it fast and carried along by force. He tried hard, but could not free himself. He saw the doors of his neighbors' houses rushing past, and yelled for help, but nobody heard him. The pot ran faster and faster. It passed the poor people's little cottage, but never, never stopped.

And nobody ever saw hide or hair of the rich merchant who mixed his flour with sawdust and put salt in the sugar, until some wise men one day climbed way up to the top of the Earth and discovered the North Pole. There sat the rich man rubbing his nose with both hands, for it was purple with cold.

Daniel O'Rourke

Adapted from T. Crofton Croker

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but few there be who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Pooka's Tower. An old man was he at the time he told me the story, with gray hair and a red nose; he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he. "The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain as young gentlemen used to do, and, sure enough, there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and it was in the wee small hours o' the morning that I left the place. Just as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, hard by the Pooka's Tower, and was looking up at the stars, whistling to keep awake, I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. '*Begorra!*' thought I. 'Is it drounded I'm goin' to be?' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, on a *desarted* island.

"I wandered and wandered about, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, and I looked east and west, north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog. So I sat upon a stone, and I began to scratch my head, for, sure and certain, thinks I, here's the end o' Daniel O'Rourke. And

I began to sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle?—as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?'

" 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian.

" 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he.

" 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I, 'only I wish I was safe home again.'

" 'Is it out of the bog you want to go, Dan?' says he.

" ' 'Tis, sir', says I.

" 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'as you are a decent sober man, who never flings stones at me or mine, my life for yours,' says he; 'get up on my back, grip me well, and I'll fly you out of the bog.'

" 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for whoever heard of riding a-horse-back on an eagle before?'

" ' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog!'

"I had no choice; so, thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady. 'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the kind offer.' I therefore mounted on the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up, up, up—God knows how far he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because

why? I was in his power entirely; 'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

" '*Arrah*, Dan,' says he, 'do you think me a fool? Hold your tongue, and mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.'

" 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?'

" 'Be quiet, Dan!' says he, and *bedad* he flew on and on.

"Well, sir, where should we come to at last but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from here, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon.

" 'Dan,' says the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly. I had no notion 'twas so far!'

" 'And my lord, sir,' says I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? Did not I beg and pray and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?'

" 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.'

" 'Is it sit down upon that little round thing?' said I. 'Why, then, sure, I'd fall off in a minute and be split and smashed entirely. You are a vile deceiver—so you are.'

" 'Not at all, Dan,' says he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.'

" 'I won't then,' said I.

" 'Maybe not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down smash to the ground!'

" 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to

have come along with the likes of you;' and so, telling him plain to his face what I thought of him (but in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said) I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon.'

" 'Is this how you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly, unnatural *baste!*' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great wings, burst out a-laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled forever, without his minding me. Away he went and I never saw him from that day to this. You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon! creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened

for a month before—I suppose they never thought of greasing them—and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

" 'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?'

" 'Very well, thank your honour,' says I. 'I hope your honour's well.'

" 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him all the whole terrible story.

" 'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.'

" 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ' 'tis much against my will that I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?'

" 'That's your business,' said he; 'Dan, mine is to tell you that you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.'

" 'I'm doing no harm,' said I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook lest I fall off.'

" 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he.

" 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the reaping-hook, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.'

" 'You had better, Dan,' says he again.

" 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge!'

" 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was holding me up, and *whap*, it came in two.

'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand, 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had no time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me!' says I. 'But this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time o' night. I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when, whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyashenogh, else how should they know *me?* The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?'

" 'The same,' said I.

" 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?'

" 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'thank you kindly!' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same?'

" 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he.

" 'You may say that, sir,' says I.

" 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the

gander, so I told him all the whole, terrible story and never the once stopped rolling.

" 'Dan,' says he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' Well, I didn't much trust the gander, but there was no help for it. So I caught him by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the ocean. 'Ah, my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head, 'fly to land, if you please.'

" 'It is impossible, Dan,' said he, 'for you see, we are going to Arabia!'

" 'To Arabia!' said I. 'Oh! Mr. Goose, why, then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.'

" 'Whist, whist, you *impident* rascal,' says he, 'hold your tongue. Arabia is a very decent sort of place.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, sailing so beau-tiful before the wind. 'Ah, then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?'

" 'We are not fair over it,' said he; 'if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.'

" 'I would not,' says I, 'I know better than that, so let me drop at once.'

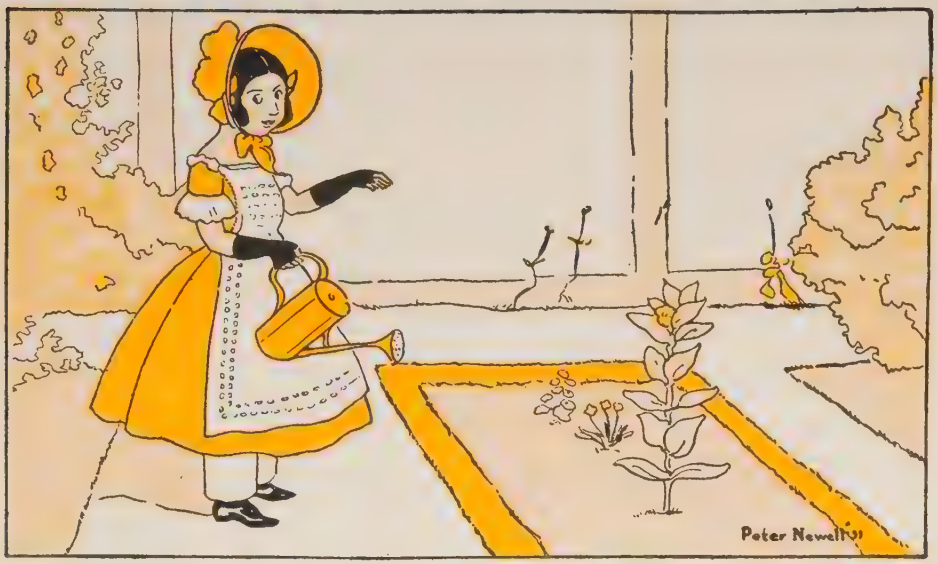
" 'If you must, you must,' said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and, faith, he was right—I came down plump into the sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up, then, for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but, lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there wasn't a dry stitch on me! And I heard somebody saying —'twas a voice I knew, too—'Get up, you lazy *vagabone!*' With

that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, splashing, splashing all over me.

" 'Get up,' says she, 'and to work. Late out o'nights, no reason for *shlapin'* late o' morning. Off with you after the pigs!'

"*Begorra!* of all the places in the parish, there I'd been fast asleep under the *ould* walls of the Pooka's Tower. And what with eagles, and men of the moon, and ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the ocean, I never again took forty winks on the road coming home from a party—leastwise not under the Pooka's Tower!"

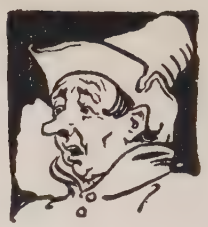
HER DAIRY*



"A milkweed, and a buttercup, and cowslip," said sweet Mary,
"Are growing in my garden-plot, and this I call my dairy."
—Peter Newell.

*From *Pictures and Rhymes*, published by Harper & Brothers.

The Wise Men of Gotham



Three wise men of Gotham,
They went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My tale had been longer.

In old days the village of Gotham was known throughout all merry England, for that its men were wondrous wise.

On a time, twelve wise men of Gotham went a-fishing. Some went into the water and some fished on dry land. As they ambled home at nightfall, says one to the others, "We have been venturesome this day, comrades, a-wading in the brook. A marvel is it if none of us was drowned!"

"Aye, marry!" says another. "'Twere well to count ourselves, lest, peradventure, one be left behind! Twelve of us did come from home!"

So every man did count the others, man by man, and did never count himself!

"Lauk-a-mercy-on-us!" they all began to cry. "Here be but eleven. One of us is drowned!"

So they ran back to the brook, and looked up and down, and here and there with outcries and loud lamentations.

Anon, came riding by a gentleman. "Save you, sirs," says he. "Why all this dreadful dole?"

"Alas, good master," cried the wise men. "This day there came twelve of us to fish in this brook, and one of us is drowned!"

"Bless me!" says the gentleman. "Count yourselves, then, man by man!" And each did count eleven and never count himself.

"'Twere pity of my life if one among so wise a company were lost," says the gentleman. "I pray you, what will you give me an I find the twelfth man?"

"All that is in our wallets," said the men of Gotham.

So they gave the gentleman all the money they had; then he began with the first and gave him a whack on the shoulders with the flat of his sword, that he shrieked aloud. "That is one, by your leave!" says he, and he served them all likewise, counting them man by man. But when he was come to the last, he gave him a most dreadful whack, that he scarce held his footing. "By my faith!" cried he. "Here is your twelfth man!"

"Marvelous!" cried all the company. "Marvelous past the wit of man! You have found our neighbor that was lost!"

The next day but one, there went to market to Nottingham to buy sheep, a certain man of Gotham, and, as he crossed over Nottingham bridge, he met another man of Gotham going home.

"Where are you going?" asked he that came from Nottingham —Dobbin by name.

"Marry," says Hodge that was going to Nottingham. "I am going to buy sheep."

"And which way will you bring them home?" says Dobbin.

"Over this bridge," says Hodge.

"Not so, neither," says Dobbin. "I like not to have sheep cross over this bridge."

"Beshrew me!" says Hodge, "but I will bring them over the bridge an I choose!"

"By my life, but you will not!"

"I will!"

"You will not!"

"Rascal!"

"Rogue!"

And they fell a-beating their staves one against another as if there had been an hundred sheep between them.

"Have a care!" cried Hodge. "What with all this noise, my sheep will jump off the bridge!"

"It matters not!" shrieked Dobbin. "They shall not cross!"

"If thou makest so much to do, I'll put my fist in thy face!"

"And I'll put my staff on thy pate!"

As they were thus at contention, there came by another man of Gotham with a sack of meal on his horse. Seeing his neighbors thus at strife about sheep when there were no sheep between them, he said, "How now, stupid fellows, will you never learn wisdom? Peace! Peace!" Then he took down the sack of meal from his horse, went to the side of the bridge, opened the mouth of the sack, and shook all his meal out into the river.

"Look you, sirrahs," says he. "How much meal is there in my sack?"

"Marry!" said they. "None at all!"

"By my faith," says he. "There's even as much meal in my sack as wit in your heads, to be at strife about nothing! Let this be a lesson to you!"

And he went on his way with his empty sack, looking most marvelous wise.

When the summer was come, the men of Gotham found a cuckoo in a hawthorn-brake, singing a rare, enchanting song.

"Ho," said they, "we will take this wondrous creature into the midst of our village where all may hear it sing, and build a hedge about it, that we may keep it with us all the year."

So they fetched the cuckoo into the town and built a high hedge about it.

"Sing there now all the year," said they. At that, up sprang the cuckoo and flew away.

"A murrain on us for stupid fellows," cried the men of Gotham. "We should have built our hedge higher!"

WILD FLOWERS*

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher.
"O sir! the flowers, they are wild," replied the timid creature.
—Peter Newell.

*From *Pictures and Rhymes*. Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Where Sarah Jane's Doll Went*

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

In the first place, Sarah Jane had no right to take the doll to school, but the temptation was too much for her. The doll was new—it was, in fact, only one day old—and such a doll! Rag, of course—Sarah Jane had heard only vague rumors of other kinds—but no more like the ordinary rag doll than a fairy princess is like a dairymaid. The minute that Sarah Jane saw it she knew at once that there never had been such a doll. It was small—not more than seven or eight inches tall—not by any means the usual big, sprawling, moon-faced rag baby with its arms standing out at right angles with its body. It was tiny and genteel in figure, slim-waisted, and straight-backed. It was made of, not common cotton cloth, but linen—real, glossy, white linen—which Sarah Jane's mother, and consequently the doll's grandmother, had spun and woven. Its face was colored after a fashion which was real high art to Sarah Jane. The little cheeks and mouth were sparingly flushed with cranberry juice, and the eyes beamed blue with indigo. The nose was delicately traced with a quill dipped in its grandfather's ink-stand, and though not quite as natural as the rest of the features, showed fine effort. Its little wig was made from the fine ravellings of Serena's brown silk stockings.

Serena was Sarah Jane's married sister, who lived in the next house across the broad, green yard, and she had made this wonderful doll. She brought it over one evening just before Sarah Jane went to bed. "There," said she, "if you'll be a real good girl I'll give you this."

"Oh," cried Sarah Jane, and she could say no more.

Serena, who was only a girl herself, dandled the doll impressively before her bewildered eyes. It was dressed in a charming frock made from a bit of Serena's best French calico. The frock

*From *Young Lucretia*, copyrighted by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission of the publishers.

was of a pale lilac color with roses sprinkled over it, and was cut with a low neck and short puffed sleeves.

"Now, Sarah Jane," said Serena admonishingly, "there's one thing I want to tell you: you musn't carry this doll to school. If you do, you'll lose it; and you won't get another very soon. It was a good deal of work to make it. Now you mind what I say."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sarah Jane. It was not her habit to say ma'am to her sister Serena, if she was twelve years older than she; but she did now, and reached out impatiently for the doll.

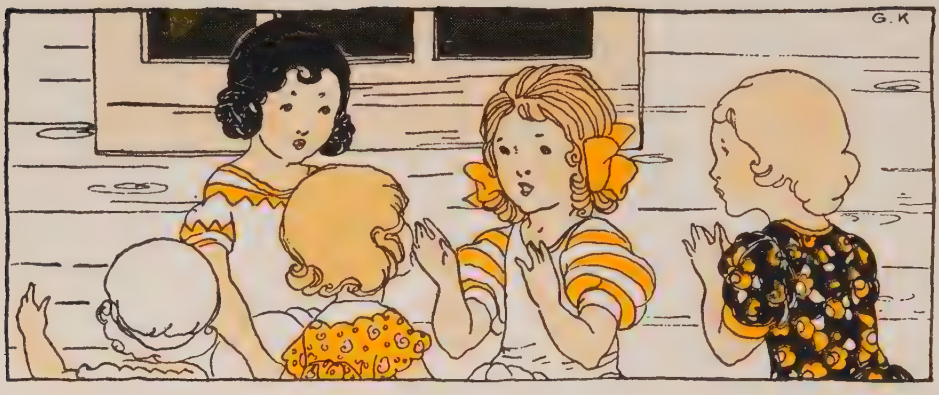
"Well, you remember," said Serena. "If you take it to school and lose it, it'll be the last doll you'll get."

And Sarah Jane said, "Yes, ma'am," again.

She had to go to bed directly, but she took the new doll with her—that was not forbidden, much to her relief. And before she went to sleep she had named her with a most flowery name, nothing less than Lily Rosalie Violet May. It took her a long time to decide upon it, but she was finally quite satisfied, and went to sleep hugging Lily Rosalie, and dreamed about her next day's spelling lesson—that she failed and went to the foot of the class.

It was singular, but for once a dream of Sarah Jane's came true. She actually did miss in her spelling lesson the next day, and although she did not go quite to the foot of the class, she went very near to it. But if Sarah Jane was not able to spell *scissors* correctly, she could have spelled with great success *Lily Rosalie Violet May.* All the evening she had been printing it over and over on a fly-leaf of her spelling-book. She could feel no interest in scissors, which had no connection, except a past one, with her beloved new doll.

Poor Sarah Jane lived such a long way from school that she had to carry her dinner with her, so there was a whole day's separation, when she had only possessed Lily Rosalie for a matter



of twelve hours. It was hard. She told some of her particular cronies about her, and described her charms with enthusiasm, but it was not quite equal to displaying her in person.

The little girls promised to come over and see the new doll just as soon as their mothers would let them, and one, Ruth Gurney, who was Sarah Jane's especial friend, said she would go home with her that very night—she didn't believe her mother would care—but they were going to have company at tea, and she was afraid if she were late, and had to sit at the second table, that she wouldn't get any currant tarts.

Sarah Jane did not urge her, but she felt deeply hurt that Ruth could prefer currant tarts to a sight of Lily Rosalie.

She was rather apt to loiter on her way home. There was much temptation to at this time of the year, when the meadows on either side of the road were so brimful of grass and flowers, when the air was so sweet, and so many birds were singing. There was a brook on the way, and occasionally Sarah Jane used to stop and have a little secret wade. But to-night neither nodding way-side flowers nor softly rippling brook had any attraction for her. Straight home, her little, starched, white sun-bonnet pointing ahead unswervingly, her small, pattering feet never turn-

ing aside from the narrow, beaten track between the wayside grasses, she went to Lily Rosalie Violet May.

She found her just as beautiful as when she left her. That long day of absence, filled in with her extravagant childish fancy, had not caused her charms to lessen in the least.

Sarah Jane ran straight to the linen chest, in whose till she had hidden for safety the precious doll, and there she lay, her indigo blue eyes staring up, smiling at her with the sweet cranberry-colored smile which Serena had fixed on her face. Sarah

Jane caught her up in rapture. Her mother told Serena that night that she didn't know when she'd seen the child so tickled with anything as she was with that doll.

"She didn't carry it to the school, did she?" said Serena.

"No. I guess she won't want to, as long as you told her not to," replied her mother.

Sarah Jane had been always an obedient little girl; but—she had never before had Lily Rosalie Violet May. Her mother did not consider that.

Sarah Jane did not have a pocket made in her dress; it was not then the fashion. Instead, she wore a very large-sized one, made of stout cotton, tied around her waist by a string under her dress skirt. The next day, when Sarah Jane went to school, she carried in this pocket her new doll. She was quite late this morning, so there was no time to display it before school commenced.

Once, when the high arithmetic class was out on the floor, she pulled it slyly out of her pocket, held it under her desk, and poked Ruth Gurney, who sat in the next seat.

"Oh!" gasped Ruth, almost aloud. The doll seemed to fascinate everybody. "Let me take it," motioned Ruth; but Sarah Jane shook a wise head, and slid Lily Rosalie back in her pocket. She was not going to run the risk of having her confiscated by the teacher. But when recess came Sarah Jane was soon the proud little centre of an admiring group.

"Sarah Jane's got the handsomest new doll," one whispered to another, and they all crowded around. Even some of the "big girls" came, and two or three of the big boys. Sarah Jane was one of the smallest girls in school, and sat in the very front seat. Now she felt like a big girl herself. This wonderful doll raised her at once to a position of importance. There she stood in the corner by the window, and proudly held it. She wore

a neat cotton dress cut after the fashion of Lily Rosalie's, with a low neck and short sleeves, displaying her dimpled neck and arms. Her round cheeks were flushed with a softer pink than the doll's, and her honest brown eyes were full of delight.

One and another of the girls begged for the privilege of taking the doll a moment and Sarah Jane would grant it, and then watch them with thinly veiled anxiety. Suppose their fingers shouldn't be quite clean, and there should be a spot on Lily Rosalie's beautiful white linen skin! One of the girls rubbed her cheeks to see if the red would come off, and Sarah Jane wriggled.

Joe West was one of the big boys who had joined the group. Years after, he was Joseph B. West, an eminent city lawyer. Years after that, he was Judge West of the Superior Court. Now he was simply Joe West, a tall, lanky boy with a long, rosy face and a high forehead. His arms came too far through his jacket sleeves, and showed his wrists, which looked unnaturally knobby and bony. He went barefoot all summer long, and was much given to chewing sassafras.

He offered a piece to Sarah Jane now, extracting it with gravity from a mass of chalk, top strings, buttons, nails, and other wealth with which his pocket was filled.

Sarah Jane accepted it with a modest little blush, and plumped it into her rosy mouth.

Then Joe West followed up his advantage. "Say, Sarah Jane," said he, "lemme take her a minute."

She eyed him doubtfully. Somehow she mistrusted him. Joe West had rather the reputation of being a sore tease.

"She's just the prettiest doll I ever saw," Joe went on. "Lemme take her just a minute, Sarah Jane; now do."

"He's just stuffing you, Sarah Jane; don't you let him touch it," spoke out one of the big girls.

"Stuffing" was a very expressive word in the language of

the school. Sarah Jane shook her head with a timid little smile, and hugged Lily Rosalie tighter.

"Now do, Sarah Jane. I wouldn't be stingy. Haven't I just given you some sassafras?"

That softened her a little. The spicy twang of the sassafras was yet on her tongue. "I'm afraid you won't give her back to me," murmured she.

"Yes, I will, honest. Now do, Sarah Jane."

It was against her better judgment; the big girl again raised her warning voice; but Joe West adroitly administered a little more flattery, and followed it up with entreaty, and Sarah Jane, yielding, finally put her precious little, white linen baby into his big, grimy, out-reaching hands.

"Oh, the pretty little sing!" said Joe West then, in an absurdly soft voice, and dandled it up and down. "What's its name, Sarah Jane?"

And Sarah Jane in her honesty and simplicity repeated that flowery name.

"Lily Rosalie Violet May," said Joe, after her, softly. And everybody giggled.

A pink color spread all over Sarah Jane's face and dimpled neck; tears sprang to her eyes. She felt as if they were poking fun at something sacred; her honest, childish confidence was betrayed. "Give her back to me, Joe West!" she cried.

But Joe only dandled it out of her reach, and then the bell rang. The children trooped back into the school-room, and Joe quietly slipped the doll into his pocket and marched gravely to his seat.

Every time when Sarah Jane gazed around at him he was studying his geography with the most tireless industry. She could hardly wait for school to be done; when it was, she tried to get to Joe, but he was too quick for her. He had started with

his long stride down the road before she could get to the door. She called after him, but he appeared to have suddenly grown deaf. The other girls condoled with her, all but the big girl who had given the warning. "You'd ought to have listened to me," said she, severely, as she tied on her sun-bonnet in the entry. "I told you how it would be, letting a boy have hold of it."

Sarah Jane was not much comforted. She crept forlornly along towards home. Joe West's house was on the way. There was a field south of it. As she came to this field she saw Joe out there with the bossy. This bossy, which was tethered to an old apple-tree, was cream-colored, with a white star on her forehead and a neck and head like a deer. She stood knee-deep in the daisies and clover, and looked like a regular picture-calf. If Sarah Jane had not been so much occupied with her own troubles, she would have stopped to gaze with pleasure at the pretty creature. Joe stood at her head and appeared to be teasing her. She twitched away from him, and lunged at him playfully with her budding horns.

"Joe! Joe!" called quaking little Sarah Jane.

Joe West gave one glance at her; his face flushed a burning red; then he left the bossy and went with long strides across the fields towards his home. The poor girl followed him.

"Joe! Joe!" called the little despairing voice, but he never turned his head.

Sarah Jane got past his house; then she sat down beside the road and wept. She did not know how Joe West, remorseful and penitent, was peeping at her from his window. She did not know of the tragedy which had just been enacted over there in the clover-field. The bossy calf, who was hungry for all strange articles of food, had poked her inquiring nose into Joe West's jacket pocket, whence a bit of French calico emerged, had caught hold of it, and, in short, had then and there eaten up Lily Rosalie Violet May. Joe had made an attempt to pull her by her silken wig out of that greedy mouth, but the bossy calmly chewed on.

It was just as well that Sarah Jane did not know it at the time. She had enough to bear—her own distress over the loss of the doll, and the reproaches of Serena and her mother. They agreed that the loss of the doll served her right for her disobedience, and that nothing should be said to Joe West. They also thought the affair too trivial to fuss over. Lily Rosalie even in her designer's eyes was not what she was to Sarah Jane.

"If you'd minded me you wouldn't have lost it," said Serena. "I am not going to make you another."

Sarah Jane hung her head meekly. But in the course of three months she had another doll in a very unexpected and curious way. One evening there was a knock on the side door, and when it was opened there was no one there, but on the step lay a big package directed to Sarah Jane. It contained a real, bought doll, with a china head and a cloth body, who was

gorgeously and airily attired in pink tarlatan with silver spangles. The memory of Lily Rosalie paled.

There was great wonder and speculation. Nobody dreamed how poor Joe West had driven cows from pasture, and milked, and chopped wood, out of school-hours, and taken every cent he had earned and bought this doll to atone for the theft of Lily Rosalie Violet May.

Sarah Jane's mother declared that she should not carry this doll, no matter whence it came, to school, and she never did but once—that was on her birthday, and she teased so hard, and promised not to let any one take her, that her mother consented. At recess Sarah Jane was again the centre of attraction. She turned that wonderful pink tarlatan lady round and round before the admiring eyes; but when Joe West, meek and mildly conciliatory, approached the circle, she clutched her tightly and turned her back on him.

"I'm not going to have Joe West steal another doll," said she. And Joe colored and retreated.

Years afterwards, when Joe was practicing law in the city, and came home for a visit, and Sarah Jane was so grown-up that she wore a white muslin hat with rosebuds, and a black silk mantilla, to church, she knew the whole story, and they had a laugh over it.

IN THE LANE*

MADISON CAWEIN

When the hornet hangs in the hollyhock,
And the brown bee drones i' the rose,
And the west is a red-streaked four-o'-clock,
And the summer is near its close—
It's—Oh, for the gate and the locust lane
And dusk and dew and home again!

*Used by the courteous permission of Madison Cawein, son of the author, and the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

KIDS*

WITTER BYNNER

"Hey, I've found some money-wort,
Some day I'll be rich!
Or I wonder if it's checkerberry?
I don't know which is which.

"Look, don't touch that blade of grass,
Just keep away from it!
For see that frothy, bubbly ball?
That's snake-spit!

"Cover your lips, the darning-needle
Loves to sew 'em up!—
Who likes butter? Lift your chin—
Here's a buttercup.

"She loves me—she loves me not—
I wish that I knew why
It always comes a different way
Every time I try.

"How many children? Here you are—
You can have three blows—
And you don't want many children,
For you have to buy 'em clo'es.

*Quoted by the courteous permission of the Author and the Publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

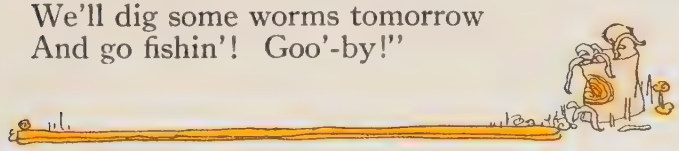
"Now we can take the stems, see,
And wet 'em into curls
And stick 'em in our hair and run
And make believe we're girls.

"D'ye ever whistle a blade of grass?
Look, I got a fat one . . .
You slit it, see? Here's one for you—
There's no snake-spit on that one.

"Aren't big people funny
That they don't want to play?
And some of 'em don't like ice-cream—
I couldn't be that way.

"They just sit round and talk and talk—
O'course their hands are clean.
But they make us wash ours all the time,
I couldn't be that mean.

"No, honestly I couldn't,
Could you? I'd sooner die.
We'll dig some worms tomorrow
And go fishin'! Goo'-by!"



A Credit to the School*

DIKKEN ZWILGMEYER

Translated from the Norwegian by Emilie Poulsson

Johnny Blossom was walking home from school. He carried his head high; his turned-up, freckled nose was held proudly in the air; his cap hung on the back of his head. Both hands were in his pockets, and his loud whistling waked the echoes as he strode through Jensen Alley. Perfectly splendid monthly report! Of course he knew it, word for word, and he said over to himself again, as he had many times:

"John has lately been more industrious. With his excellent ability he is now a credit to the school."

This was signed with nothing less than the Principal's name. Not just a teacher's—no, thank you! A credit to the school. The whistling grew louder and more piercing. A credit to the school. He was going straight to Father with this report, and would lay it right under Father's nose.

Well, he *had* been industrious. He had gone over every lesson five times, and he could rattle off all the exceptions in his German grammar and all the mountains in Asia, even those with the awfully hard names.

Really, it was rather pleasant to know your lessons well and rank with the good scholars. Now he could be able to crow over Asta. She often had to sit the whole afternoon with her fingers in her ears, mumbling and studying, and even then couldn't get her lessons sometimes, and would cry; but, of course, she was only a girl.

He would take this report to Uncle Isaac of Kingthorpe, too.

*From *Johnny Blossom.* Used by permission of the publishers, The Pilgrim Press.

Uncle Isaac was always questioning and probing to find out how he got on at school. Now he should see! Sharp whistling again pierced the air.

Another wonderfully interesting thing was that "Goodwill of Luckton" had arrived. He had seen it at Frosberg's wharf when he was going to school. At this thought Johnny Blossom broke into a run. Darting through the little gate to their own back yard, he burst into the entry and, in the same headlong fashion, into the dining room. The family was already at the table.

"Here is my monthly report and 'Goodwill of Luckton' has come," exclaimed Johnny.

Father and mother looked at the report. "Very good, John," said Father; and Johnny felt Mother's gentle hand stroking his hair.

"But what is it that has come?"

" 'Goodwill of Luckton', of course."

Johnny was gulping his soup with great haste.

"Express yourself clearly and eat properly."

Everything had to be so proper to suit Father.

"The apple boat, the one Mr. Lind and Mrs. Lind own, you know—that comes every autumn."

Yes, the apple boat. It was painted green as it had been last year; the sails were patched; the poorest apples lay in heaps on the deck, the medium sort were in bags, and the best apples were in baskets. In the midst of this tempting abundance Mrs. Lind, who was uncommonly stout, usually sat knitting. When her husband was up in town delivering apples Mrs. Lind took care of the boat, the apples, and Nils and everything. Nils, their son, was more to look after than all the rest put together for he was the worst scalawag to be found along the whole coast.

John kept on eating and talking. "Nils is a bad boy, Mother. When he talks to his mother, he keeps the side of his face toward

her perfectly sober; but he makes faces with the side toward us. It is awfully funny and we laugh; and Mrs. Lind thinks we are laughing at her, and then she scolds, and oh! her scolding is so funny!"

Shortly after dinner Johnny Blossom was out in the woodshed whittling a boat. How delightful and how queer that he should be "a credit to the school!" He would be awfully industrious now every single day; go over every lesson six times, at least.

This boat that he was making was going to be a fine one—Johnny Blossom held it out and peered sharply at it, first lengthwise, then sidewise—the finest boat any one had ever whittled. Every one who saw it would say, "Who made that beautiful, graceful boat?" Well, here was the boy who could do it!

One of these days he must carve a big ship about half a yard long and make it an exact copy of a real ship.

Johnny Blossom lost himself in wondering whether, when it was finished, he shouldn't take the ship to school to show to the Principal! If he did, the Principal would of course praise him very much, for it would be an extraordinarily well-shaped, handsome ship.

Yes, Johnny Blossom decided that he would take it to school for the Principal to see. It should be painted and have real sails. Oh, dear! Then he would have to ask Asta to hem the sails! Horrid tease as she was, she sewed remarkably well. Girls weren't good for much else.

How would it be to make a sloop next—one exactly like the "Goodwill of Luckton"?

At this he threw down the boat which was to be so wonderfully graceful and rushed off toward the wharf. How stupid of him to stay at home whittling when the "Goodwill of Luckton" had come!

Of course there were several boys hanging around there—Aaron, Stephen, and Carl. Otherwise not even a cat was to be seen. Streets and wharf were deserted in the quiet noon hour. Mrs. Lind sat nodding upon the deck. Nils lounged on some bags at the front of the boat, amusing himself making faces. Mr. Lind was probably up in the town doing errands.

"Give us an apple," whispered Stephen to Nils. Nils did not answer, but gave Stephen a sly look and then made a hideous face.

"Throw some ashore," suggested Johnny Blossom.

"Just one apiece," whispered Carl.

"Well, don't then, you miser!" said Aaron.

Suddenly Nils, with a slyer look than usual on his sly face, went down into the cabin. A minute after he came stamping up again.

"Mother, Mother! The coffee is boiling over. Hurry!"

Mrs. Lind waddled hastily across the deck and squeezed herself down the narrow stairway.

"Come now!" called Nils guardedly to the boys on shore. "Come now! Hurry up and take some apples."

The boys on the wharf did not wait to be called again but jumped upon the deck and rushed at the bags of fruit.

"Mother, Mother!" roared Nils. "Hurry! There are thieves at the apples! Oh, hurry!"

In an incredibly short time Mrs. Lind had come upstairs, and there stood Mr. Lind also, exactly as if he had shot up out of the ground.

Nils declared loudly: "Before I knew a thing about it, these boys rushed on board and began grabbing some of the best apples."

Oh, how Mr. Lind and his wife scolded as they seized the astounded boys! Mr. Lind held two of them and Mrs. Lind two—she had a remarkably strong grip—while Nils flew after a policeman. The frightened boys cried and begged to be set free. A crowd gathered on the wharf in no time.

Soon the policeman came. "You will have to go with me to the police station," said he to the boys. They tried to explain that Nils had invited them on board, but it availed nothing. "You go with me to the police station," was the only reply the policeman made to anything they said.

Oh, but it was horrid, having to go along the streets with him! Nils should have his pay for getting them into this trouble! At the police station their names were recorded and then the boys were allowed to go. Johnny Blossom, shamefaced and troubled, ran straight home.

In the afternoon the policeman called to talk with Father. Father was very serious and Mother looked frightfully worried. Sister Asta stared with open mouth. John had a bitter time of it while the matter was being settled, and afterward Asta's teasing voice followed him everywhere as she kept calling out:

"Credit to the scho-ol! Great credit! Wonderful credit! Credit to the scho-ol!"

Oh, how horrid, how horrid everything was! Well, he wouldn't go out any more to-day, that he wouldn't; he would stay in his room with the door locked. He had been so delighted with his report, and now even that gave him no pleasure. Of course he couldn't go to Uncle Isaac with it after this disgrace.

A sudden thought struck him. He would not keep the report any longer. To have "A credit to the school" upon it was too embarrassing after what had happened.

He had *not* stolen apples, he really had not; but he had been taken to the police station and his name, John Blossom, was written on the police records. Though he had not stolen apples, he had known very well that Mr. Lind and his wife would be angry if boys went on board and helped themselves to apples, even if Nils had said they might.

Pshaw! Everything was horrid. The boys at school would soon know all about it and then they would tease just as Asta did. No, he would not keep the report; he would give it back to the Principal; that was just what he would do. So Johnny Blossom, saying nothing at home of his intention, went with determined step to the Principal's house. His cap, instead of being set jauntily far back on his head, was jammed well down over his eyes.

"Is the Principal at home?"

"Yes, come in."

The Principal was a large man with a thick, blond beard and sharp, blue eyes.

"Good day, Johnny! What did you want to see me about?"

"It is horrid, but"—great searching first in one pocket of his trousers, then in the other—"but if you will please take this report back"—

"Take it back? What do you mean, John?"

"Why, because it says here he is a credit to the school, and he isn't that—not now."

"What is that you say? Speak out, my boy."

The boy looked very little as he stood with his knees shaking before the big Principal.

"Because—because his name has been written in the police records today, and the policeman took him there, and so it was horrid that this report should say he was a credit"—

"Come, John, tell me about it from the beginning."

"Why, Nils of the 'Goodwill of Luckton' got his mother to go down-stairs and then he called us boys to come aboard and get some apples; and when we went he told his mother there were thieves on board; and he called the policeman."

"Nils asked you to come on board?"

"Oh, yes; but for all that I knew Mr. and Mrs. Lind would be angry. I knew that perfectly well. But I went, and then I wasn't a credit to the school; so if you will please take this report back"—

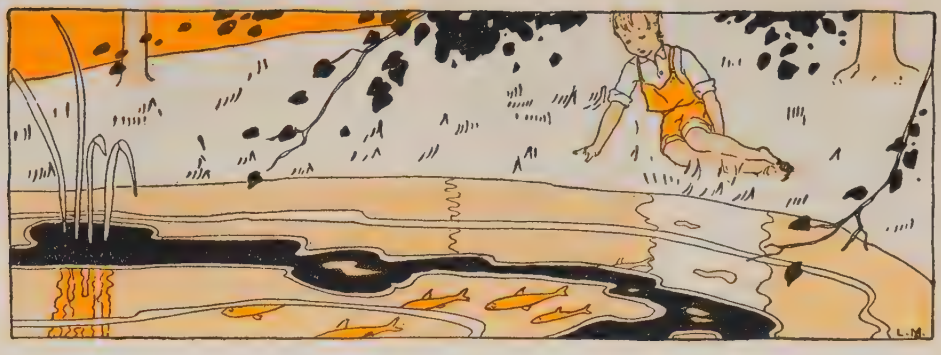
There was a short silence.

"I think you may keep the report," said the Principal at last. "For you will surely not do anything of the kind again, Johnny Blossom."

"No. I shan't have to be taken up by a policeman ever any more." Johnny shook his head energetically. "And I'm going to study hard. Thank you."

At the door he repeated his "thank you" as he bowed himself out.

When he was in the street he put the precious report into his pocket, whistling joyously a beautiful tune that his mother often played. Who cared for any one's teasing now? Even the boys might try it if they liked, for he was ready for them. The Principal knew all there was to know. Awfully kind man, that Principal!



A BOY'S SONG

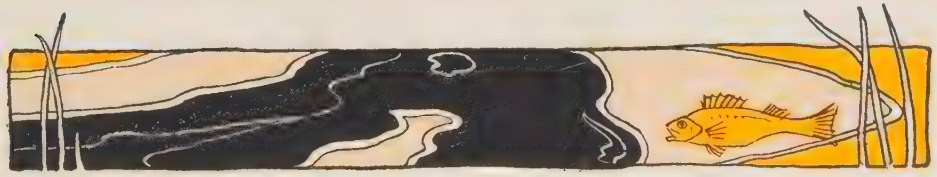
JAMES HOGG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,—
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.



The Luck Boy of Toy Valley*

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

In a chalet high up among the Austrian mountains, blue-eyed Franz was very unhappy because his mother and brother Johan were going to Vienna and he had to stay at home with his old grandfather. He bit his lips to keep back the tears as he watched the packing of the box that was to carry their clothing. Then his mother tried to comfort him.

"Never mind, lad," she said. "I'll send you a present from Vienna, and we'll call it a 'luck gift' and hope it will bring good luck. If it does you'll be a lucky boy."

He smiled even if he did feel sad. He had often heard of luck children, for among the Tyrolean peasants there were many stories of those who had been led by fairies to have such wonderful good fortune that ever afterward they were spoken of as the elf-aided, or "Glücks Kinder," and it was so delightful to think about being one of them that he forgot his sorrow. Of course it would be very fine to travel down to Vienna and go into the service of a rich noble there, as his mother and brother were to do, but it would be still better to be a "Glücks Kind," and such things sometimes did happen. So he did not feel sad any more, but whistled and sang and helped with the packing.

*Used by the courteous permission of David C. Cook Publishing Co. and the author.

Early next morning the post chaise rattled up to the door, and Johan and the mother drove away. Franz watched them go down the winding, white road, calling after them in sweet Tyrolean words of endearment until they were out of sight. Then he went back into the hut and began to sandpaper some blocks that his grandfather needed for his work. The old man was a maker of picture frames, all carved and decorated with likenesses of mountain flowers, and these, when sent to Innsbruck and Vienna, brought the money that gave him his living. The figures were too fine and difficult for Franz to carve, but he could lend a hand at fetching blocks and sandpapering. He worked with a vim, for Tyrolean boys think it a disgrace to shirk, but all the while his thoughts were on the luck gift.

"I wonder what it will be?" he said to his grandfather. They took turns at guessing, until it was time to feed the goats and house the chickens for the night.

A week later the man who had driven Johan and his mother away came by on his return from Vienna, and Franz fairly flew out to get his gift.

"It is something very big," he called to the old frame maker as he took a bulging bag. "See, it is stuffed full!" And he expected to find something very wonderful.

But when he opened it, he thought it wasn't wonderful at all. There was a blue velvet jacket, trimmed with gold braid and fastened with glittering buttons, such as Tyrolean boys wore in those days, and in one of the pockets he found a shining knife.

"Well, of all things!" he exclaimed as he held them up for his grandfather to see. "It's a splendid jacket, and the knife is a beauty, but I don't see where the luck part comes in."

But Hals Berner was old and wise, and a knowing smile played over his wrinkled face as he spoke. "It won't be the

first time luck has hidden in a knife," he said, as he bent over his carving.

Franz did not know what he meant. He had always had a knife, for being of a carver's family he was taught to whittle when he was a very little fellow, and he had become remarkably skillful for one of his years. But no wonderful good fortune had come to him, and he was very sure that although each of the presents was nice, neither would bring luck, and he sent that word to Johan. But the brother wrote back from the city, "It will surely turn out to be a luck gift, Franz. Just wait and see." And still the boy wondered.

Winter came and icy winds blew down from the peaks. There was no word from Vienna now, for the valley was shut in by a glittering wall, and travel over the snow-drifted passes was impossible. There were other boys in the village, but each had his work indoors, and there was little time to play, so Franz had no chance for games. He helped his grandfather part of the day and sometimes whittled for his own amusement. It was a lonely life there in the hut, with just the old frame maker, who was often too busy to talk, so Franz was glad to do something to keep him busy. Now he made rings and tops and then just fantastic sticks or blocks.

One day, as he whittled, his grandfather said, "Why don't you make an animal, Franz?"

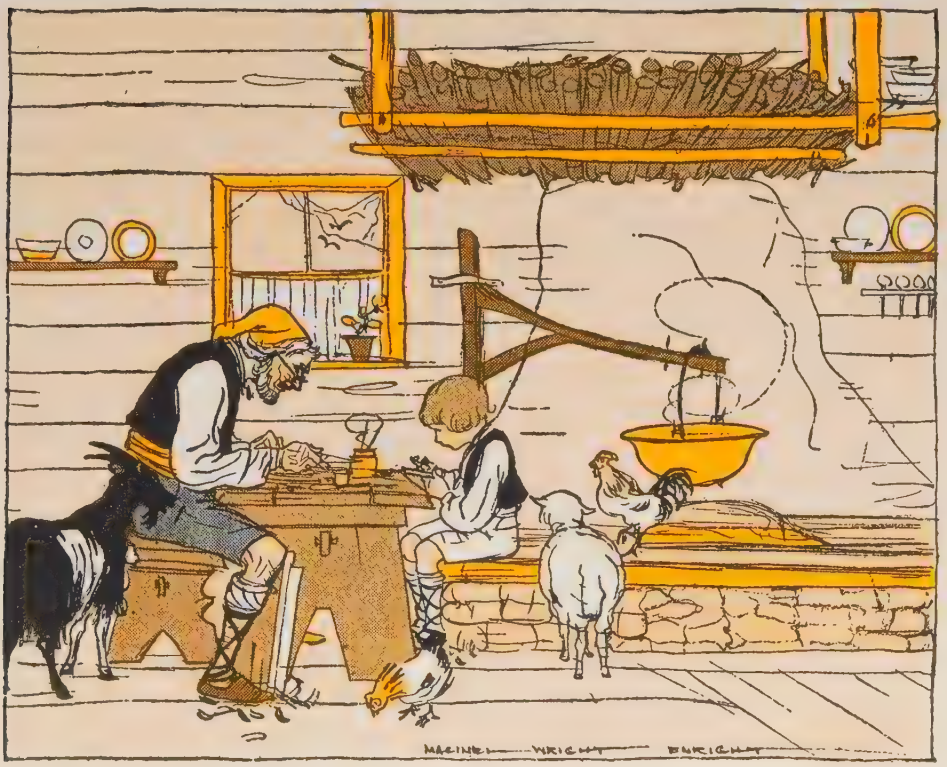
The boy looked up in surprise. "I don't think I can," he answered.

"Not unless you try," came the reply. "But if you do that you may surprise yourself."

Franz hated to have any one think he was afraid to make an attempt, so he exclaimed, "I wonder if I could make a sheep?"

"Begin and see," the old man advised.

The boy went to work. At first it was discouraging. After many minutes of whittling there was little to suggest what he had in mind. But then, with an occasional turn of the knife by the frame maker, and now and then a bit of advice, the boy began to see that a sheep would grow out of the block, and when it did he felt like a hero who had won a battle.



"It wasn't a bit hard, was it lad?" Hals Berner asked when it was finished.

And Franz agreed that it was not.

That was the beginning, and every day thereafter Franz worked at his whittling, and animal after animal grew under his knife. He was so busy he did not have time to be lonely, and had quite forgotten how sad he had felt over having to stay at home. It was such fun to see the figures come out of the wood and feel that he had made them. Of course they were crude, and not half so handsome as those his grandfather could have made; but anyone could tell what they were, and that was worth a great deal.

By spring he had a whole menagerie, and when his mother came home she found he had been a busy boy, and a happy one as well.

"All made with the luck knife," Johan said as he looked over the work.

"So grandfather says," Franz answered. "It's a splendid knife, but I don't see where the luck comes in."

And again the knowing smile went over the old man's face.

One day soon afterward his mother had word from the man who had been her employer in Vienna that his little son was not well and he was sending him to regain his health in the mountain air. A week later the child arrived with his nurse, and the first thing that attracted his attention was Franz's menagerie.

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, "dogs, cats, sheep, goats, lions, elephants, and all made of wood! I want them."

"He means that he wants to buy them," his nurse explained. "Will you sell them, Franz?"

For a minute the boy hesitated. That menagerie had meant many months of whittling, and he loved every animal in it, and if Johan hadn't interrupted, probably he would have refused.

"Why, Franz," the brother exclaimed, "it begins to look like a luck knife after all."

That put a thought into his mind that caused him to answer, "Yes, take them. I can make some more."

So, when the child went back to Vienna he took a wooden menagerie from the Tyrolean mountains. Other Viennese children, seeing it, wanted to possess one, and orders began to pour in to Franz, far more than he could fill. Then other villagers took up the work, until all over the valley people were making animals and toys.

The work grew to be a big industry, and toys from the Grodner Thal were sent all over Germany, and even to the lands beyond. One generation after another went on with the work, and although it is two hundred years since Franz began it, the craft continues there to this day. At Christmas time shops in every land are filled with toys from the Tyrolean mountains, and although they do not know the story, thousands of children have been happier because of a peasant boy's whittling.

So out of the bag sent back from Vienna there came in truth a luck gift, and it wasn't the fine jacket either, but the knife with which Franz whittled his first sheep. The boy had found out that luck doesn't mean something sent by fairies, but the doing a thing so well that it brings a rich reward, and although he lived to be a very old man, he never got over being grateful that his mother made him stay behind when she and Johan went to the city.

The little valley among the Austrian Alps is still called Grodner Thal on the maps, but because of the animals and toys that have come out of it, it is almost as well known by another name. If you are good guessers you can surely tell what it is, especially if you know that the peasants still speak of the lad who made the first menagerie there as the Luck Boy of Toy Valley.

The Duty That Was Not Paid*

KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

More than a hundred years ago a man and his two children were journeying from their home in Salzburg to Vienna. They traveled by the Danube boat, and Marianne, the sister, stood by the rail tossing pebbles into the water and watching the turbulent river swallow them up. Her dress was worn almost threadbare, but her face was so sweet and her eyes were so large and bright that she looked pretty for all her shabbiness.

Just behind her on the deck her father and brother were talking. "If we make some money in the city you'll buy sister a new dress, won't you, Father?" little Wolfgang asked.

Marianne whirled and started toward him. She knew that was sure to make her father sad, and she called, "Don't coax, Wolfgang. My dress will do very well until we can afford to buy another, and a new one will seem all the nicer because of my having worn this one so long."

Her brother turned his big, earnest eyes upon her, and said, "But, Marianne, I know you want one. I heard you wish for it by the evening star, and last night you put it in your prayer."

Father Mozart turned from them with a sad look on his face,

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and walked up and down the deck, wishing very much he could do what Wolfgang asked. But he was just a poor orchestra conductor with an income so small he had to stretch it hard to provide food and shelter for his family. Marianne must wear the shabby frock until better times began, which he hoped would be soon. They were to give some concerts in the Austrian capital, and maybe in that rich, music-loving city would earn enough to make them more comfortable than they had been before. But until then they must not spend a penny save what was needed for food and shelter, because the customs fee on the harp they carried must be paid, and that would reduce their little fund to a very small amount.

Wolfgang, too, thought about it as the boat crept in and out between the hills, and wondered much if there was no way in which Marianne might have the dress before they played in Vienna. His old teacher in Salzburg had often told him that there is a way out of every difficulty if one is clever enough to think of it, and there must be out of this. His own suit was bright and new, for his birthday was just past and it had been his uncle's gift. But Marianne was a very shabby little girl, and he knew she was unhappy though she was brave and sweet about it.

They were gliding past the ruins of the castle that once, men said, had been the prison of Richard the First, England's Lion-Hearted King, when his enemies took him captive on his return from the holy wars. Often in the twilight time at Salzburg, as they waited for the father to come from his work, the mother told them his tale.

"He was very brave and wise, too," the boy thought as he looked at the crumbling pile. "He would have found a way for Marianne to have a new dress if she had been his sister."

Was it the prayer being answered, or just the fulfillment of the wish made by the evening star? For while he thought, an

idea came into his head. It was a good idea, it seemed to him, so good that it made him smile. If it worked out, and he believed it would, Marianne might have the dress she wanted so much, because then his father would have more money to spend.

Just to the south they could see the great spire of St. Stephen's, a tall, gray finger against the sky, which told that Vienna was not far away. As it grew nearer and nearer, looming up bigger and plainer before them, Wolfgang thought more and more of his idea, until when they reached the mooring his eyes were dancing and his cheeks were aflame. His father believed the thought of seeing the great capital had excited him, but that was not it at all. He had a secret plan and could hardly wait until he knew whether or not it would work out.

The journey was ended and the people were going ashore. "Please loosen the cover, Father," he said as Leopold Mozart carried the harp toward the customs gate.

"Ah, you are proud of it!" the man answered with a smile.

Wolfgang did not reply, thinking what a poor guesser his father was. He watched him as he set the instrument down and undid the wrapping, bringing the polished frame and glistening strings into full view. Then he went over and took his place beside the harp as the customs officer drew near, and Marianne came and stood beside him. She had forgotten all about her dress in her eagerness to find out how much duty they would have to pay.

"What have you to declare?" the man asked.

"Only a harp," Leopold Mozart answered, as he laid his hand on their one treasure.

"It is a beautiful instrument and valuable," the official said as he looked at it, and named as the price of the duty an amount so big as to cut their little hoard almost in half.

Father Mozart's face grew very serious, and the merriment

went out of Marianne's eyes. But Wolfgang did not worry. He still had that idea in his mind, and believed it would work out.

Leopold Mozart reached into his pocket for the little sack containing his savings, but it was not necessary to open it, for just as he was about to do so, Wolfgang started to play. The customs officer turned with a start and listened, and the people, gathered there, forgot all about duty charges as they crowded around the little musician. His tiny hands swept the strings as if his fingers had some magic power, and the melody they made was sweeter than ever heard on that old wharf. For five minutes, ten, he kept at it, and there was not a whisper or a murmur, only a sort of breathless surprise that one so young could play so wonderfully.

"What!" one exclaimed as he finished, "a lad of his age to perform like that!"

"Yes," the father answered with a smile, "he does well at the harp."

"Amazing," the officer murmured, "I've heard many a good harpist in my day, but never anything sweeter than that."

Wolfgang smiled. The idea was working out, and he was very glad. Already he had visions of a happy sister in a handsome new gown, and turning again to the instrument, he played even more beautifully than before, for the gladness that crept into his heart was creeping also into the music.

For some minutes he picked the strings, while the people listened as if held in a spell, until the father said, "We must go now, for it is getting late, and we have yet to find lodgings in the city." And he handed the money to the officer.

But the man shook his head. "No," he said, and his eyes were very tender. "A boy who can give as much pleasure as that deserves something. Keep the money and buy a present for him."

As Wolfgang heard the words he gave a bound. "Father,"

he exclaimed, with sparkling eyes, "buy the dress for Marianne. You can do it now, since you have saved the customs money."

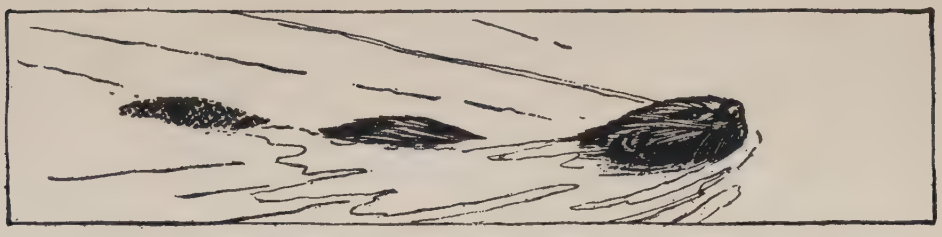
The officer looked at him in amazement. "He is a wonderful lad, truly," he exclaimed, "and as kind as he is wonderful!"

"Yes," came the low reply. "He has wanted nothing so much as a new dress for his sister."

And she did get it, too, a beautiful one of soft, bright red, all trimmed with shining buttons. Wolfgang danced with delight when he saw it, and there was no happier child in all Vienna.

They gave many concerts there, some before the royal family; and Maria Theresa, the empress, became greatly attached to both brother and sister, gave them handsome clothes and beautiful gifts, and forgot all about affairs of state while Wolfgang played. She called him the "little sorcerer," and agreed with the customs officer that he was a wonderful child.

Then, after some weeks, they went back to the home in Salzburg, where the boy kept on at his music, doing such marvelous things that his fame traveled far. He grew to be the great master, Mozart, at whose glorious music the world still wonders, and he was a generous and sweet-souled man, just as he was a big-hearted and thoughtful child. Many lovely acts are told of him, but none that shows his kindness and tenderness in a more delightful way than when as a boy on the Vienna wharf he charmed the customs officer and all others who heard, and Marianne got the dress for which she had wished with the duty money that wasn't paid.



The Story of a Beaver*

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

A broad, flat tail came down on the water with a whack that sent the echoes flying back and forth across the pond, and its owner ducked his head, arched his back, and dived to the bottom. It was a very curious tail, for besides being so oddly paddle-shaped, it was covered with what looked like scales, but were really sections of hard, horny, blackish-gray skin. Except its owner's relations, there was no one else in all the world who had one like it. But the strangest thing about it was the many different ways in which he used it. Just now it was his rudder, steering him as he swam under water—and a very good rudder, too.

In a moment his little brown head reappeared, and he and his brothers and sisters went chasing each other round and round the pond, ducking and diving and splashing, raising such a commotion that they sent the ripples washing all along the grassy shores, and having the jolliest kind of a time. It isn't the usual thing for young beavers to be out in broad daylight, but all this happened in the good old days before the railways came, when there were fewer men in northern Michigan than there are now.

When the youngsters wanted a change they climbed up onto a log, and nudged and hunched each other, poking their noses into one another's fat little sides, and each trying to shove his brother or sister back into the water. By and by they scrambled out on the bank, and then, when their fur had dripped a little, they set to work to comb it.

*From *Forest Neighbors*. Used by the permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Up they sat on their hind legs and tails—the tail was a stool now, you see—and scratched their heads and shoulders with the long, brown claws of their small, black, hairy hands. Then the hind feet came up one at a time and combed and stroked their sides till the moisture was gone and the fur was soft and smooth and glossy as velvet.

After that they had to have another romp. They were not half as graceful on land as they had been in the water. In fact they were not graceful at all, and the way they stood around on their hind legs, and shuffled, and pranced, and wheeled like baby hippopotami, and slapped the ground with their tails, was one of the funniest sights in the heart of the woods. And the funniest and liveliest of them all was the one who owned that tail. He was the one whom I shall call the Beaver—with a big B.

But even young beavers will sometimes grow tired of play, and at last they all lay down on the grass in the warm, quiet sunshine of the autumn afternoon. The wind had gone to sleep, the pond glittered like steel in its bed of grassy beaver-meadow, the friendly wood stood guard all around, and it was a very good time for five furry little babies to take a nap.

The city in which the Beaver was born was a very old one, and may have been the oldest in North America. Nobody knows when the beavers first began to build the dam that stretched across the stream and backed the water up until it spread out across the valley in a broad, quiet pond. It was probably centuries ago, and for all we can tell it may have been thousands of years back in the past.

Family after family of beavers had worked on that dam, building it a little higher and a little higher, a little longer and a little longer, year after year; and raising the round domes of their houses as the pond rose around them. Their city streets, like those of Venice, were mostly of water, and they themselves were

navigators from their earliest youth, and took to the water as naturally as ducks or Englishmen. They were lumbermen, too, and when the timber was all out from along the shores of the pond, they dug canals across the low, level, marshy ground, back to the higher land where the birch and the poplar still grow, and floated the branches and the smaller logs down the water-ways to the pond. In this way they stored up a supply of food for winter, for the beaver's favorite meal is made of tender branches and the bark of trees.

And there were land roads, as well as canals, for here and there narrow trails crossed the swamp, showing where one family after another of busy workers had passed back and forth between the felled trees and the water's edge. Streets, canals, public works, dwellings, lumbering, rich stores laid up for the winter—what more do you want to make a city, even if the houses are few in number, and the population somewhat smaller than that of London or New York?

The first year of our Beaver's life was an easy one, especially the winter, when there was little for anyone to do except to eat, to sleep, and now and then to fish for the roots of the yellow water-lily in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. During that season not only was he increasing in size and weight, but he was storing up strength for the work that lay before him. It would take much muscle to force those long, yellow teeth of his through the hard, tough flesh of the maple or the birch or the poplar. It would take vigor and push to roll the heavy billets of wood over the grass-tufts to the edge of the water. So it was well for the youngster that for a time he had nothing to do but grow.

But spring came at last. Though the Beaver had many and many a fine romp with his brothers and sisters, still he began to learn to be a little useful in the world, and to do the sort of things that his father and mother did.

Now, on a dark autumn night, behold the young Beaver toiling with might and main. His parents have felled a tree, and it is his business to help them cut up the best portions and carry them home. He gnaws off a small branch, seizes the butt end between his teeth, swings it over his shoulder, and makes for the water, keeping his head twisted around to the right or left so that the end of the branch may trail on the ground behind him. Sometimes he even rises on his hind legs, and walks almost upright, with his broad, strong tail for a prop to keep him from tipping over backward if his load happens to catch on something. Arrived at the canal or at the edge of the pond, he jumps in and swims for town, still carrying the branch over his shoulder, and finally leaves it on the growing pile in front of his father's lodge. Or perhaps the stick is too large and too heavy to be carried in such a way. In that case it must be cut into short billets and rolled to the water's edge. This means he must push with all his might, and there are so many, many grass-tufts and little hillocks in the way! Sometimes the billet rolls down into a hollow, and then it is very hard to get it out again. He works *like a beaver*, and pushes and shoves and toils with tremendous energy, but I am afraid that more than one choice stick never reaches the water.

These were his first tasks. Later on he learned to fell trees himself. Standing up on his hind legs and tail, with his hands braced against the trunk, he would hold his head sidewise, open his mouth wide, set his teeth against the bark, and bring his jaws together with a savage nip, that left a deep gash in the side of the tree. A second nip deepened the gash, and gave it more of a downward slant, and two or three more carried it still farther into the tough wood. Then he would choose a new spot a little farther down, and start a second gash, which was made to slant up towards the first. And when he thought they were both deep enough he would set his jaw firmly in the wood between them, and pull and jerk and twist at it until he had wrenched out a chip—a chip perhaps two inches long, and from an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick. He would make bigger ones when he grew to be bigger himself, but you musn't expect too much at first.

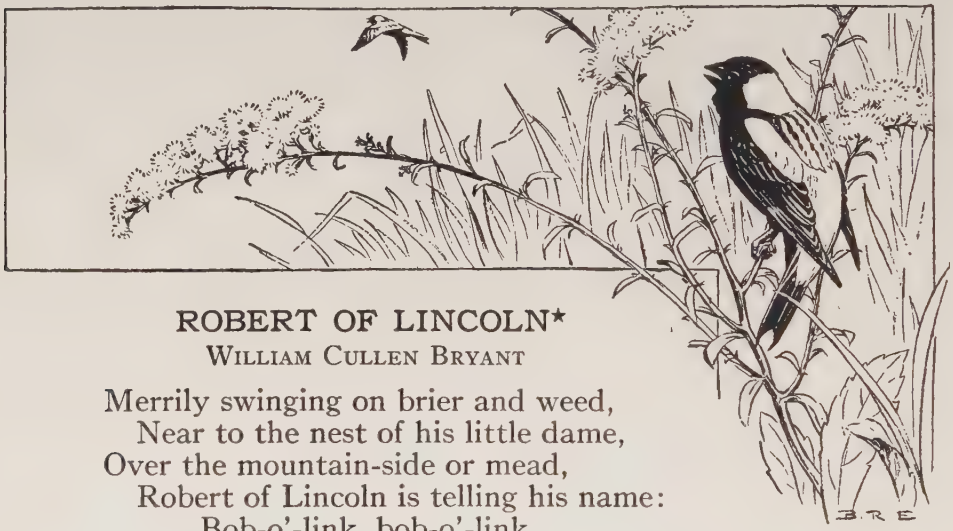
Chip after chip was torn out in this way, and gradually he would work completely around the tree. Then the groove was made deeper, and after awhile it would have to be broadened so that he could get his head farther into it. He seemed to think it was of immense importance to get the job done as quickly as possible, for he worked away with tremendous energy as if felling that tree was the only thing in the world that was worth doing.

Once in a while he would pause for a moment to feel of it with his hands, and to glance up at the top to see whether it was getting ready to fall. Several times he stopped long enough to take a refreshing dip in the pond; but he always hurried back, and pitched in again harder than ever. In fact, he sometimes went at it so impetuously that he slipped and rolled over on his back.

Little by little he dug away the tree's flesh until there was nothing left but its heart. At last it began to sway and crash. The Beaver jumped aside to get out of the way. Hundreds and hundreds of small, tender branches, and delicious little twigs and

buds came crashing down where he could cut them off and eat them or carry them away at his leisure.

And so all the beavers in the city labored, and their labor brought its rich reward; everybody was busy and contented, and life was decidedly worth living.



ROBERT OF LINCOLN*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call, in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine!
Chee, chee, chee.

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Music-Loving Bears*

JOAQUIN MILLER

A bear loves music better than he loves honey, and that is saying that he loves music better than he loves his life.

We were going to mill, father and I, and Lyte Howard, in Oregon, about forty years ago, with ox-teams, a dozen or two bags of wheat, threshed with a flail and winnowed with a wagon cover, and were camped for the night by the Calipoola River; for it took two days to reach the mill. Lyte got his fiddle, keeping his gun, of course, close at hand. Pretty soon the oxen came down, came very close, so close that they almost put their cold, moist noses against the backs of our necks as we sat there on the ox-yokes or reclined in our blankets, around the crackling pine-log fire and listened to the wild, sweet strains that swept up and down and up till the very tree tops seemed to dance and quiver with delight.

Then suddenly father seemed to feel the presence of something or somebody strange, and I felt it, too. But the fiddler felt, heard, saw nothing but the divine, wild melody that made the very pine trees dance and quiver to their tips. It is strange how a man—I mean the natural man—will feel a presence long before he hears it or sees it.

*From *True Bear Stories*. Used by special arrangement with the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

Father got up, turned about, put me behind him as an animal will its young, and peered back and down through the dense tangle of the deep river bank between two of the huge oxen which had crossed the plains with us, to the water's edge; then he reached around and drew me to him with his left hand, pointing between the oxen sharp down the bank with his right forefinger.

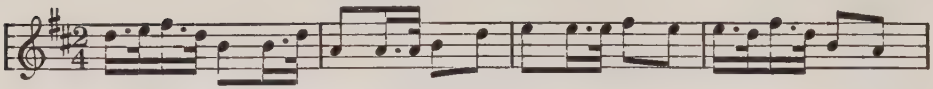
A bear! two bears! and another coming; one already more than half way cross the great, mossy log that lay above the deep, sweeping waters of the Calipoola; and Lyte kept on, and the wild, sweet music leaped up and swept through the delighted and dancing boughs above. Then father reached back to the fire and thrust a long, burning bough deeper into the dying embers, and the glittering sparks leaped and laughed and danced and swept out and up and up as if to companion with the stars. Then Lyte knew. He did not hear, he did not see, he only felt; but the fiddle forsook his fingers and his chin in a second, and his gun was to his face with the muzzle thrust down between the oxen. And then my father's gentle hand reached out, lay on that long, black, Kentucky rifle barrel, and it dropped down, slept once more at the fiddler's side. And again the melodies; and the very stars came down, believe me, to listen, for they never seemed as big and so close by before. The bears sat down on their haunches at last, and one of them kept opening his mouth and putting out his red tongue, as if he really wanted to taste the music. Every now and then one of them would lift up a paw and gently tap the ground, as if to keep time with the music. And both my papa and Lyte said next day that those bears really wanted to dance.

And that is all there is to say about that, except that my father was the gentlest gentleman I ever knew and his influence must have been boundless; for who ever before heard of any

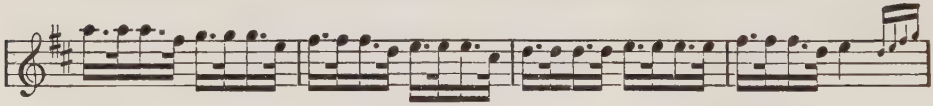
hunter laying down his rifle with a family of fat black bears holding the little snow-white cross on their breasts almost within reach of its muzzle.

The moon came up by and by, and the chin of the weary fiddler sank lower and lower, till all was still. The oxen lay down and ruminated, with their noses nearly against us. Then the coal-black bears melted away before the milk-white moon, and we slept there, with the sweet breath of the cattle, like incense, upon us.

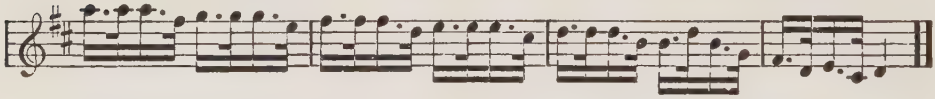
The Dance of the Forest People*

From *The Arkansas Bear*
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Oh, there was a little boy and his name was Bo,
Went out into the woods when the moon was low,

And he met an Old Bear who was hungry for a snack,
And the folks are still awaiting for Bosephus to come back.



For the boy became the teacher of this kind and gentle creature,
Who was faithful in his friendship and was watchful in his care.



And they traveled on forever and they'll never, never, sever,
Bosephus and the fiddle and the Old—Black—Bear.

THE camp fire had died down to a few red embers, and the big moon hanging on the tree-tops made all the world white and black, with one bright splash in the brook below.

The little boy, Bosephus, and Horatio, the old black Bear, had finished their supper.

While the Bear played on his fiddle the little boy had been watching a slim, moving shadow that seemed to have drifted out from among the heavier shadows into the half-lit open space

*Taken from *The Arkansas Bear*, copyrighted by Henry Altemus Company. Used by the kind permission of the publishers.

in front of them. As the music ceased, it drifted back again.

"Play some more, Ratio," he whispered.

Again the Bear played and again the slim shadow appeared in the moonlight and presently another and another. Some of them were slender and graceful; some of them heavier and slower of movement. As the music continued they swung into a half circle and drew closer. Now and then the boy caught a glimpse of two shining sparks that kept time and movement with each. He could hardly breathe in his excitement.

"Look here, Ratio," he whispered. Horatio did not stir.

"Sh-h!" he said, softly. "My friends—the forest people."

The Bear slackened the music a little as he spoke and the shadows wavered and drew away. Then he livened the strain and they trooped forward again eagerly. Just then the moon swung clear of the thick trees and the dancers were in its full flood. The boy watched them with trembling eagerness.

A tall, cat-like creature, erect and graceful, swayed like a phantom in and out among the others and seemed to lead. As it came directly in front of the musicians it turned full front toward them. It was an immense gray panther.

At any other time Bo would have screamed. Now he was only fascinated. Its step was perfect and its long tail waved behind it, like a silver plume, which the others followed. Two red foxes kept pace with it. Two gray ones, a little to one side, imitated their movements. In the background a family of three bears danced so awkwardly that Bo was inclined to laugh.

"We will teach them to do better than that," he whispered.

Horatio nodded without pausing. The dancers separated, each group to itself, the gray panther in the foreground. Spellbound, the boy watched the beautiful, swaying creature. He had been taught to fear the "painter," as it was called in Arkansaw, but he had no fear now. He almost felt that he must step out into that enchanted circle and join in the weird dance.

New arrivals stole constantly out of the darkness to mingle in the merrymaking. A little way apart a group of rabbits skipped wildly together, while near them a party of capering wolves had forgotten their taste for blood. Two plump 'coons and a heavy-bodied 'possum, after trying in vain to keep up with the others, were content to sit side by side and look on. Other friends, some of whom the boy did not know, slipped out into the magic circle, and, after watching the others for a moment, leaped madly into the revel. The instinct of the old days had claimed them when the wild beasts of the forest and the wood nymphs trod measures to the pipes of Pan. The boy leaned close to the player.

"The rest of it," he whispered. "Play the rest of it!"

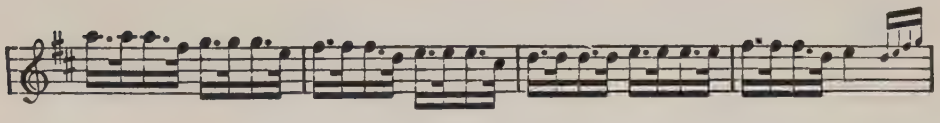
"I am afraid. They have never heard it before."

"Play it! Play it!" commanded Bo, excitedly.

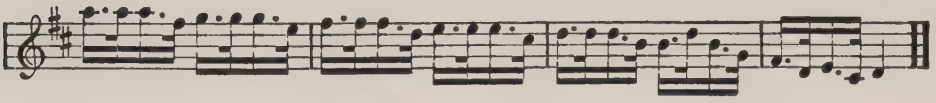
There was a short, sharp pause at the end of the next bar, then a sudden wild dash into the second half of the tune. The prancing animals stopped as if by magic. For an instant they stood motionless, staring with eyes like coals. Then came a great rush forward, the gray panther at the head. The boy saw them coming, but could not move.

"Sing!" shouted Horatio; "Sing!"

For a second the words refused to come. Then they flooded forth in the moonlight. Bo could sing, and he had never sung as he did now.



"Oh, our singing, yes our singing, all our friends to us 'tis bringing,
For it sets the woods to ringing, and the forest people know



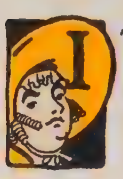
That we do not mean to harm them in their dancing, nor alarm them—
We are seeking but to charm them with the sounds of long ago.

At the first notes of the boy's clear voice the animals hesitated; then they crept up slowly and gathered about to listen. They did not dance to this new strain. Perhaps they wanted to learn it first. Bo sang on and on. The listening audience never moved. Then Horatio played very softly, and the singer lowered his voice until it became like a far off echo. When Bo sang like this he often closed his eyes. He did so now.

The music sank lower and lower, until it died away in a whisper. The boy ceased singing and opening his eyes gazed about him. Here and there he imagined he heard a slight rustle in the leaves, but the gray panther was gone. The frisking rabbits and the capering wolves had vanished. The red and gray foxes, the awkward bears and the rest of that frolicking throng had melted back into the shadows. So far as he could peer into the dim forest he was alone with his tried and faithful friend.

Little Nell and Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works*

CHARLES DICKENS



IT was not a shabby, dingy, dusty cart, but a smart little house upon wheels, with white dimity curtains festooning the windows, and window-shutters of blue picked out with panels of orange. Neither was it a gipsy caravan, for at the open door (graced with a bright brass knocker) sat a lady, stout and comfortable to look upon, her bonnet trembling with bows. And this lady's occupation was the very pleasant one of taking tea. The tea-things, including a cold knuckle of ham, were set forth upon a drum, covered with a white napkin; and there, as if at the most convenient round-table in all the world, sat this roving lady.

It happened that at that moment she had her cup to her lips, and it was not until she was in the act of setting it down, that she beheld an old man and a young child walking slowly by, and glancing at her tea things with longing eyes.

"Hey," cried the lady of the caravan shortly but kindly, "Who are you?"

The child, who was a pretty little blue eyed girl, answered in a soft voice, "My name is Nell." Then she took the hand of the old man with a tender, protecting air, as though he were the child and she his mother, "and this is my grandfather. Can you tell us how far we shall have to walk before we come to the next town?"

The stout lady answered that the town was at least eight miles off.

This information a little discouraged the child, who could scarcely keep back a tear as she glanced along the darkening road. Her grandfather made no complaint, but he sighed heavily as he leaned upon his staff, and vainly tried to see into the dusty distance.

*Arranged from *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

GLEN KETCHUM

The lady of the caravan was about to gather her tea things together and clean the table, but noting the child's anxious manner, she hesitated and stopped. The child curtsied, thanked her for her information, and had already led the old man some fifty yards or so away, when the lady of the caravan called to her to return.

"Come nearer, nearer still," said she, beckoning to her to ascend the steps. "Are you hungry, child?"

"Not very, but we are tired, and it's—it is a long way."

"Is your home in the next town?"

"No, we have no home! We are wanderers."

"Well, hungry or not, you had better have some tea. I suppose you are agreeable to that, old gentleman?"

The grandfather humbly pulled off his hat and thanked her. The lady of the caravan then bade him come up the steps likewise, but the drum proving too small a table for two, they went down again, and sat upon the grass, where she handed them the tea-tray, the bread and butter, the knuckle of ham, and in short every thing of which she had eaten herself.

"Set 'em out near the hind wheels, child, that's the best place," she said, directing the arrangements from above. "Now hand up the teapot for a little more hot water, and a pinch of fresh tea, and then both of you eat and drink as much as you can, and don't spare any thing; that's all I ask of you."

So the two made a hearty meal and enjoyed it to the utmost.

While they were thus engaged, the lady of the caravan alighted on the earth, and with her hands clasped behind her, and her large bonnet trembling excessively, walked up and down in a very stately manner, looking over the caravan from time to time with an air of calm delight, and enjoying particularly the orange panels and the brass knocker, of which she was very proud. When she had taken this gentle exercise for some time, she sat

down upon the steps and called "George"; whereupon a man in a carter's frock, who had been hidden from sight in a hedge, parted the twigs that concealed him and appeared in a sitting attitude, supporting on his legs a baking-dish, and bearing in his right hand a knife, and in his left a fork.

"Yes, Missus," said George.

"How did you find the cold pie, George?"

"It warn't amiss, mum."

"We are not a heavy load, George. Would these two travelers make much difference to the horses, if we took them with us?" asked his mistress, pointing to Nell and the old man who were painfully preparing to resume their journey on foot.

"They'd make a difference in course," said George doggedly.

But his mistress turned to the old man and the child and told them they should go on to the town with her in the caravan. Nell was overjoyed and thanked the lady earnestly.

She helped with great readiness to put away the tea-things, and, the horses being by that time harnessed, mounted into the vehicle, followed by her delighted grandfather. The lady then shut the door and sat herself down by her drum at an open window. The steps were taken down by George and stowed under the carriage. Then away they went, with a great noise of flapping and creaking and straining; and the bright brass knocker, which nobody ever knocked at, knocking one perpetual double knock of its own accord as they jolted along.

When they had traveled slowly forward for some short distance, Nell ventured to look round the caravan and observe it more closely. One half of it was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to form a sleeping-place, made after the fashion of a berth on board ship. This was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the

lady of the caravan ever managed to get into it, was a mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove, whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also, a closet or larder, several chests, a great pitcher of water and a few cooking-utensils. These latter necessaries hung upon the walls, which were also ornamented with a triangle and a couple of well-thumbed tambourines.

The lady of the caravan sat at one window, and little Nell and her grandfather at the other, while the caravan jogged on. At first the two travelers spoke little, and only in whispers, but as they grew more familiar with the place, they ventured to talk about the country through which they were passing, and the different objects that presented themselves, until the old man fell asleep. The lady of the caravan, seeing this, invited Nell to come and sit beside her.

"Well, child," she said, "how do you like this way of traveling?"

Nell replied that she thought it was very pleasant indeed.

Then getting up, the lady brought out from a corner a large roll of canvas about a yard in width, which she laid upon the floor and spread open with her foot, until it nearly reached from one end of the caravan to the other.

"There, child," she said proudly, "read that."

Nell walked down it, and read aloud, in enormous black letters, the inscription,

JARLEY'S WAX-WORKS

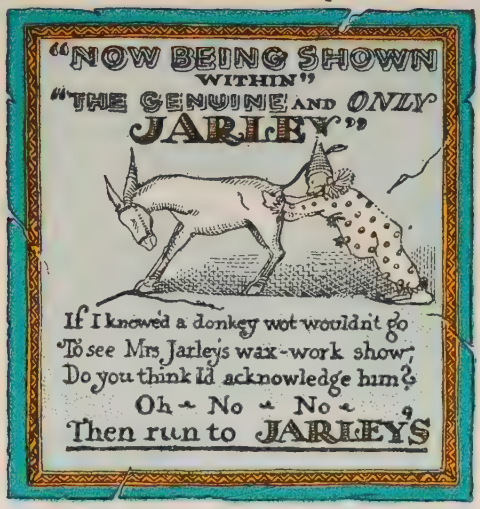
"Read it again," said the lady, enjoying the fine sounding words.

"Jarley's Wax-Works," repeated Nell.

"That's me," said the lady. "I am Mrs. Jarley."

And she unfolded another scroll, whereon was written, "ONE HUNDRED FIGURES THE FULL SIZE OF LIFE." And then another, "THE ONLY STUPENDOUS COLLEC-

TION OF REAL WAX-WORK IN THE WORLD," and then several smaller scrolls with such inscriptions as:


"NOW BEING SHOWN WITHIN"
"THE GENUINE AND ONLY JARLEY'S"
If I knowed a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs Jarley's wax-work show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh - No - No -
Then run to JARLEYS

"I never saw any wax-work, ma'am," said Nell. "Is it funnier than Punch?"

"Funnier!" said Mrs. Jarley, in a shrill voice. "It is not funny at all. It's figures of people made out of wax, and so like life, that if wax-work only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference."

"Is it here in the cart, ma'am?" asked Nell, whose curiosity was awakened by this description.

"Is what here, child?"

"The wax-works, ma'am."

"Why bless you, child, what are you thinking of—how could such a collection be here, where you see every thing except the inside of one little cupboard and a few boxes? It's gone on in the other vans to the Assembly-rooms, and there it'll be exhibited the day after to-morrow. You are going to the same town, and you'll see it I dare say."

"I shall not be in the town, I think, ma'am," said the child.

"Not there!" cried Mrs. Jarley. "Then where will you be?"

"I — I — don't quite know. I am not certain."

"You don't mean to say that you're traveling about the country without knowing where you're going to?" said the lady of the caravan. "What curious people you are!"

"We are poor people, ma'am," returned Nell, "and are only wandering about. We have nothing to do; I wish we had."

"You amaze me more and more," said Mrs. Jarley, after remaining for some time as silent as one of her own figures.

At length she summoned the driver to come under the window at which she was seated, and held a long conversation with him in a low tone, as if she were asking his advice on an important point. Then she drew in her head again, and, seeing the grandfather had awakened, said:

"Do you want a good place for your grand-daughter to work, master? If you do, I can put her in the way of getting one."

"I can't leave her," answered the old man. "We can't separate. What would become of me without her?"

"If you want to employ yourself, too," said Mrs. Jarley, "there would be plenty for you to do in the way of helping to dust the figures, and so forth. What I want your grand-daughter for, is to point out to the company; she would soon learn who the figures are, and she has a way with her that people wouldn't think unpleasant, though she does come after me; for I've been always accustomed to go round with visitors myself. It's not a common offer, bear in mind," said the lady, rising into the grand tone in which she was accustomed to address her audiences; "it's Jarley's wax-works, remember."

As to salary she could pledge herself to no certain sum until she had seen what Nell could do, and watched her in the performance of her duties. But board and lodging, both for her and her grandfather, she bound herself to provide, and she further-

more passed her word that the board should always be good and plentiful.

Nell and her grandfather consulted together, while Mrs. Jarley, with her hands behind her, walked up and down the caravan with uncommon dignity.

"Now, child," cried Mrs. Jarley, coming to a halt as Nell turned toward her.

"We are very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Nell, "and thankfully accept your offer."

"And you'll never be sorry for it," returned Mrs. Jarley. "I'm pretty sure of that. So as that's all settled, let us have a bit of supper."

In the meanwhile, the caravan came at last upon the paved streets of a town which were clear of passengers, and quiet, for it was by this time near midnight and the townspeople were all abed. As it was too late an hour to go to the room where they were to show the wax-works, they turned aside into a piece of waste ground that lay just within the old town-gate, and drew up there for the night, near to another caravan, which was employed in carrying the wonderful figures from place to place.

This caravan being empty (for it had left the wax-works at the place of exhibition) was pointed out to the old man as his sleeping-place for the night; and within its wooden walls Nell made him up the best bed she could from the materials at hand. For herself, she was to sleep in Mrs. Jarley's own traveling-carriage, as a mark of that lady's favor and confidence.

Sleep hung upon the eyelids of the child so long, that, when she awoke, Mrs. Jarley was already decorated with her large bonnet, and actively engaged in preparing breakfast. She received Nell's apology for being so late, with perfect good-humor, and said that she would not have roused her if she had slept on until noon.

The meal finished, Nell assisted to wash the cups and saucers, and put them in their proper places. These household duties performed, Mrs. Jarley arrayed herself in an exceedingly bright shawl for the purpose of making a very grand appearance as she walked through the streets of the town.

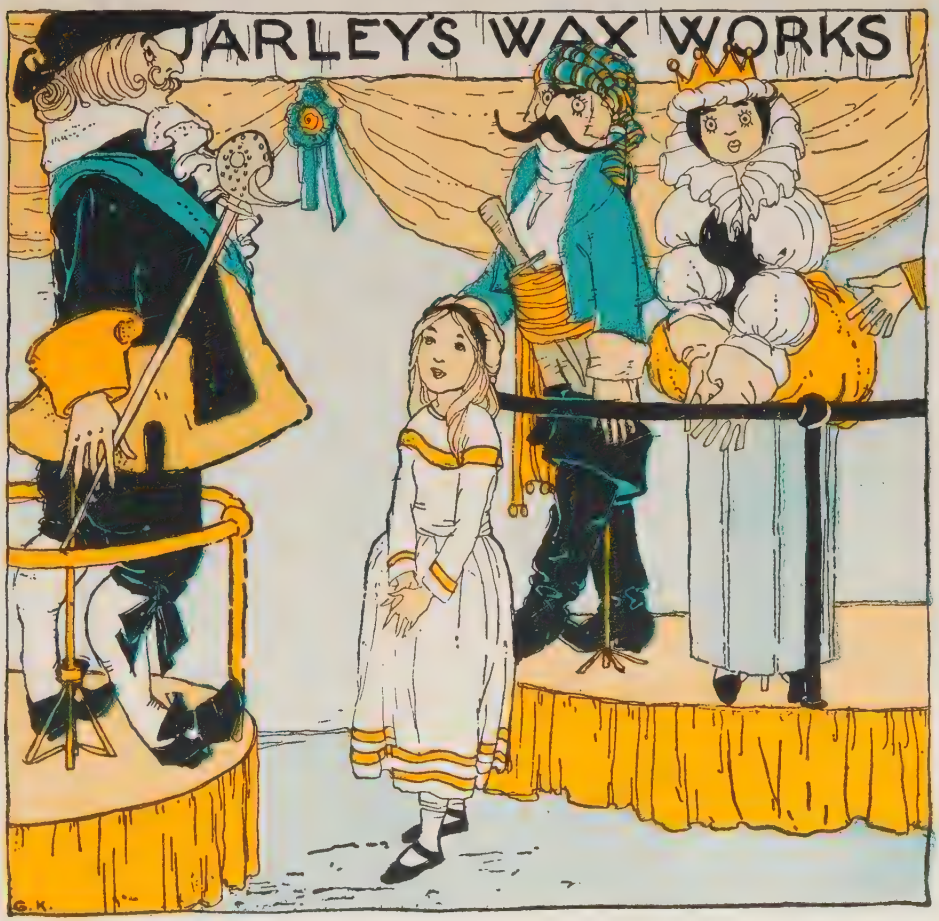
"The van will come on after me to bring the boxes," said Mrs. Jarley, "and you had better come in it, child. I am obliged to walk, very much against my will; but the people expect it of me. They must have a look at Mrs. Jarley, owner of the one and only Jarley's Wax-Works. How do I look, child?"

Nell returned a satisfactory reply, and Mrs. Jarley, after sticking a great many pins into various parts of her figure, and trying several times to see her own back, was at last satisfied with her appearance, and went forth majestically.

The caravan followed at no great distance. As it went jolting through the street, Nell peeped from the window, curious to see in what kind of place they were. It was a pretty large town, with an open square, in the middle of which was the Town-hall, with a clock-tower and a weather-cock. There were houses of stone, houses of red brick, houses of yellow brick, houses of plaster; and houses of wood, many of them very old, with withered faces carved upon the beams, and staring down into the street. These had very little, winking windows, and low-arched doors, and, in some of the narrower ways, quite overhung the pavement. The streets were very clean, very sunny, very empty, and very dull. Nothing seemed to be going on but the clocks, and they had such drowsy faces, such heavy, lazy hands, and such cracked voices, that they surely must have been too slow. The very dogs were asleep.

THROUGH FAIRY HALLS

Rumbling along with most unwonted noise, the caravan stopped at last at the place of exhibition, where Nell dismounted amidst an admiring group of children, who evidently supposed her to be one of the wax figures. The chests were soon taken in to be unlocked by Mrs. Jarley, who, attended by George and another man, was waiting to decorate the room with the red festoons and other ornaments that came from the chests.



As the stupendous collection was yet concealed by cloths, lest the dust should injure their complexions, Nell bestirred herself to help and her grandfather also was of great service. The two men being well used to it, did a great deal in a short time; and Mrs. Jarley served out the tin tacks from a linen pocket which she wore for the purpose.

When the festoons were all put up as tastily as they might be, the stupendous collection was uncovered. There were displayed, on a raised platform some two feet from the floor, running round the room and parted from the public by a crimson rope, a number of wax figures as big as life, singly and in groups. They were clad in glittering dresses of various climes and times, and standing more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes wide open, and all their faces expressing great surprise. All the gentlemen were very pigeon-breasted and very blue about the beards, and all the ladies and all the gentlemen were looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing.

When Nell was over her first joy at this glorious sight, Mrs. Jarley gave her a willow wand, long used by herself for pointing out the characters, and was at great pains to tell her just what she must do.

Soon Nell knew all about the fat man, and the thin man, the tall man, the short man, the wild boy of the woods, and other historical characters. And so apt was she to remember them all, that she was soon perfectly able to guide all visitors.

Mrs. Jarley then took her young friend and pupil to see the other arrangements. The passage had been changed into a grove of green cloth, hung with the inscriptions she had already seen. A highly ornamented table was placed at the upper end for Mrs. Jarley herself, where she was to sit and take the money, in company with his Majesty King George the Third, Mary

Queen of Scots, and other important personages. The preparations without doors had not been neglected either; for a beautiful nun was standing on a balcony over the door; and a brigand with the blackest possible head of hair, and the clearest possible complexion, was at that moment being taken round the town in a cart.

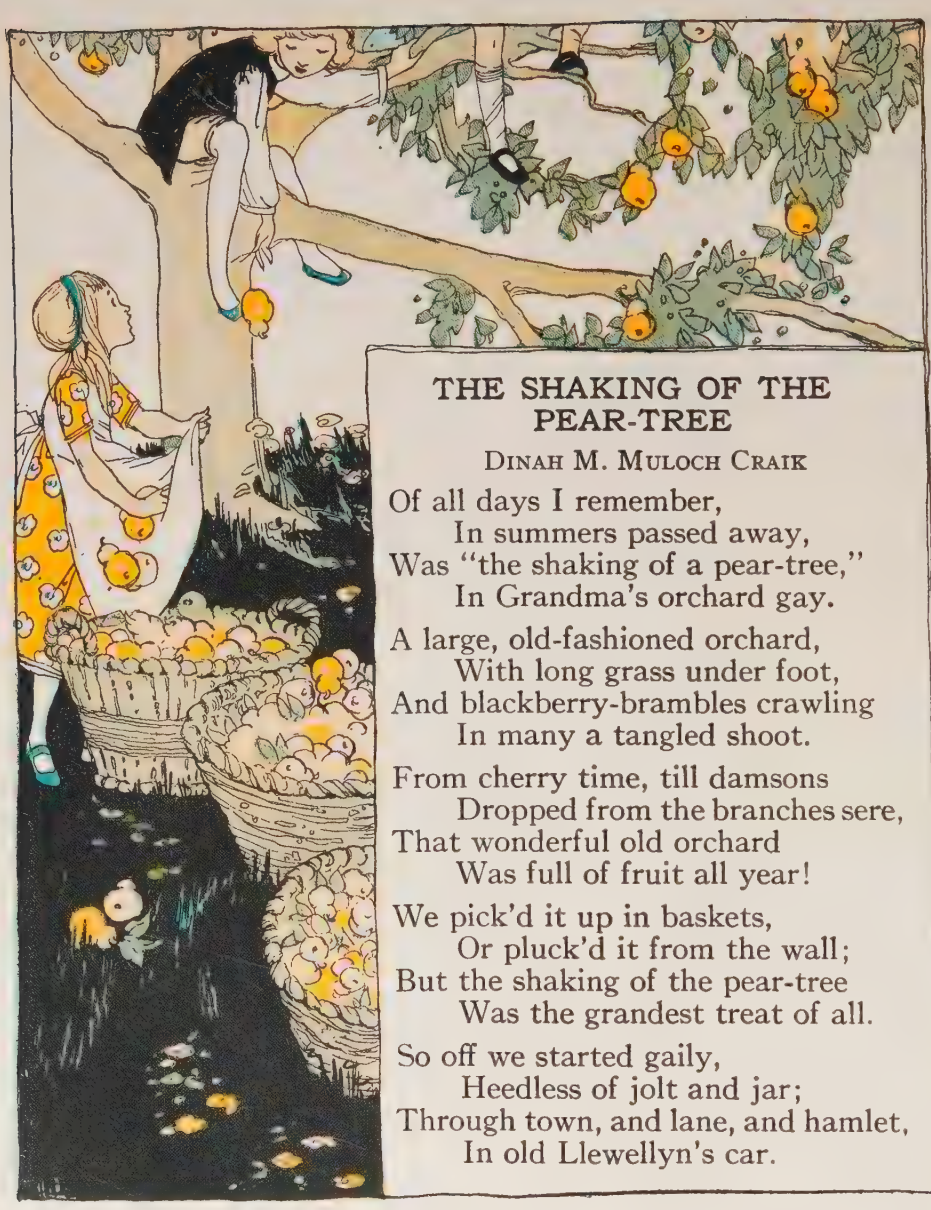
In the midst of the various plans for attracting visitors to the show, little Nell was not forgotten. Decorated with paper flowers, she was given a seat beside the Brigand in the cart dressed with flags and streamers, wherein he rode. In this state and ceremony, she rode slowly through the town every morning, giving out handbills from a basket, to the sound of drum and trumpet. The beauty of the child, coupled with her gentle bearing, produced quite a sensation in the little country place. Grown-up folks began to be interested in the bright-eyed girl, and some score of little boys left nuts and apples, directed to her, at the wax-works door.

All this interest in Nell was not lost upon Mrs. Jarley, who soon sent the Brigand out alone again, and kept Nell in the show-room, so that the people who were interested in her, would pay to come inside, where she described the figures every half-hour to the great satisfaction of all.

Although her duties were not easy, Nell found in the lady of the caravan a very kind and considerate person, who not only liked to be comfortable herself, but wished to make everybody about her comfortable also.

So Nell and her grandfather found a comfortable home for some time with

MRS. JARLEY'S WAX-WORKS.



THE SHAKING OF THE PEAR-TREE

DINAH M. MULOCH CRAIK

Of all days I remember,
In summers passed away,
Was "the shaking of a pear-tree,"
In Grandma's orchard gay.

A large, old-fashioned orchard,
With long grass under foot,
And blackberry-brambles crawling
In many a tangled shoot.

From cherry time, till damsons
Dropped from the branches sere,
That wonderful old orchard
Was full of fruit all year!

We pick'd it up in baskets,
Or pluck'd it from the wall;
But the shaking of the pear-tree
Was the grandest treat of all.

So off we started gaily,
Heedless of jolt and jar;
Through town, and lane, and hamlet,
In old Llewellyn's car.

The patient, kind Llewellyn—
Whose broad face smiled all o'er,
As he lifted out the children
At Grandma's very door.

And there stood Grandma's Betty,
With cheeks like apples red;
And Dash, the spaniel, waddled
Out of his cosy bed.

I hope no child will vex us,
As we vexed Betty then,
With winding up the draw-well,
Or hunting the old hen.

And teasing, teasing, teasing,
Till afternoon wore 'round,
And shaken pears came tumbling
In showers upon the ground.

O, how we jumped and shouted!
O, how we plunged amid
The long grass, where the treasures
Dropped down and deftly hid;

Long, slender-shaped, red-russet,
  Or yellow just like gold;
Ah! never pears have tasted
  Like those sweet pears of old!

We ate—I'd best not mention
  How many: paused to fill
Big basket after basket;
  Working with right good-will;

Then hunted round the orchard
  For half-ripe plums—in vain;
So, back unto the pear-tree,
  And ate, and ate again.

I'm not on my confession,
  And therefore need not say
How tired, and cross, and sleepy,
  Some were ere close of day,

But yet this very minute,
  I seem to see it all—
The pear-tree's empty branches,
  The grey of evening fall;

The children's homeward silence,
  The furnace fires that glowed,
Each mile or so, out streaming
  Across the lonely road;

And high, high set in heaven,
  One large, bright, beauteous star,
That shone between the curtains
  Of old Llewellyn's car.

The Twelve Months

A Bohemian Fairy Tale

THERE was once a woman who had in her care two children. Katinka, the elder, was the woman's own daughter, and she was as ugly in face as she was in heart, but Dobrunka, the younger, who was only a foster-child, was both beautiful and good. Now the sight of Dobrunka with all her winsome ways, made Katinka appear more than ever hateful and ugly. So the mother and daughter were always in a rage with Dobrunka.

She was made to sweep, cook, wash, sew, spin, weave, cut the grass and take care of the cow, while Katinka lived like a princess. All this Dobrunka did with great good will, but that only made Katinka and her mother the more angry. The better she was, the more plainly did their own wickedness show by contrast, and as they had no wish to do away with their wickedness, they made up their minds to do away with Dobrunka.

One cold day in January, when frost castles glistened on the window panes and the earth was white with snow, Katinka took a fancy for some violets. She called Dobrunka harshly to her and said, "Go to the forest, lazy-bones, and bring me a bunch of violets, that I may put them in my bosom and enjoy their fragrance."

"O sister," answered Dobrunka gently, "I cannot find you any violets under the snow."

But Katinka snapped out angrily, "Hold your tongue and do as I bid you. Go to the forest and bring me back a bunch of violets or you'll find this door forever slammed shut in your face!"

Upon this Katinka and her mother took Dobrunka by the arm, thrust her, without wraps or warm winter clothing, out into the cold, and drew the bolt on her.

The poor girl went to the forest weeping sadly. Everything was covered with snow. There was not a foot path anywhere, and the giant pines and oaks bowed their branches low, borne down with their icy burdens. Soon in all this white and glittering wilderness, Dobrunka lost her way and wandered about, famishing with hunger and perishing with cold. Still in her heart she trusted that help would come to one who had done no harm.

All at once she saw a light in the distance, a light that glowed in the sky and quivered now and again as if from the flickering flame of some mighty fire. With her eyes fixed hopefully on that light, Dobrunka climbed toward it. Higher and higher she climbed until at last she reached the top of a giant rock, and there, about a fire, their figures bright in the light and casting long, dark shadows behind, sat twelve motionless figures on twelve great stones. Each figure was wrapped in a long, flowing mantle, his head covered with a hood which fell over his eyes. Three of these mantles were white like the snow, three were green like the grass of the meadows, three were golden like sheaves of ripe wheat, and three were purple as ripened grapes. These twelve figures, who sat there gazing at the fire in perfect silence, were the Twelve Months of the Year.

Dobrunka knew January by his long, white beard. He was the only one who had a staff in his hand. The sweet girl was confused at this sight, for she was not one to thrust herself forward with strangers. Still she spoke to them with great respect.

"My good sirs, I pray you let me warm myself by your fire; I am freezing with cold."

January nodded his head and motioned her to draw near the blaze.

"Why have you come here, my child?" he asked. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.

"This is not the season for violets. Dost thou expect to find violets in the time of snow?" January's voice was gruff.

"Nay," replied Dobrunka sadly, "I know this is not the season for violets, but my foster sister and mother thrust me out of doors and bade me get them. They will never let me come under the shelter of their roof again unless I obey. O my good sirs, can you not tell me where I shall find them?"

Old January rose, and turning to a mere youth in a green mantle, put his staff in his hand and said:

"Brother March, this is your business."

March rose in turn and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames rose, the snow melted, the buds began to swell on the trees, the grass turned green under the bushes, faint, faint color peeped forth through the green, and the violets opened, —it was Spring.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bouquet, thanked the Twelve Months, and ran home joyously. Katinka and her mother were struck dumb with astonishment when they saw her spring lightly in with shining face at the doorway. The fragrance of the violets filled the whole house.

"Where did you find these things?" asked Katinka when she had recovered the use of her tongue.

"Up yonder, on the mountain," answered Dobrunka. "It looked like a great blue carpet under the bushes."

But Katinka only snatched away the flowers, put them in her own bosom, and never once said so much as a "Thank you!"

The next morning Katinka, as she sat idling by the stove, took a fancy for some strawberries.

"Go to the forest, good-for-nothing, and bring me some strawberries," cried she to Dobrunka.

"O sister," answered Dobrunka, "but there are no strawberries under the snow."

"Hold your tongue and do as I bid you."

And the mother and daughter took Dobrunka by the arm, thrust her out of the door and drew the bolt on her once again.

So the sweet girl returned to the forest, singing this time to keep up her courage, and looking with all her eyes for the light she had seen the day before. At length she spied it, and reached the great fire, trembling with cold, but still singing.

The Twelve Months were in their places, motionless and silent.

"My good sirs," said Dobrunka, "please to let me warm myself by your fire; I am almost frozen."

"Why have you come hither again?" asked January. "What are you looking for now?"

"I am looking for strawberries," answered she.

"This is not the season for strawberries," growled January, "there are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," replied Dobrunka sadly, "but alas! I may never again cross my foster mother's threshold, unless I find them."

Old January rose, and turning to a full grown man in a golden mantle, he put his staff in his hand, saying,

"Brother June, this is your business."

June rose in turn, and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames rose, the snow melted, the earth grew green, the trees were covered with leaves, the birds sang, the flowers burst into bloom—it was Summer. Thousands of little white stars dotted the green turf, then turned slowly to red strawberries, ripe and luscious in their little green cups.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your strawberries," said June.

Dobrunka filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months and ran home joyfully. Once again Katinka and her mother were struck dumb with astonishment when they saw her spring lightly in with shining face at the doorway. The fragrance of the strawberries filled the whole house.

"Where did you find these fine things?" asked Katinka, when she had recovered the use of her tongue.

"Up yonder on the mountain," answered Dobrunka as she handed the berries to Katinka, "there were so many of them, that they looked like a crimson carpet on the ground."

Katinka and her mother devoured the strawberries and never once said so much as a "Thank you."

The third day, Katinka took a fancy for some red apples, and she thrust Dobrunka out to fetch them with the same threat she had used before. Dobrunka ran through the snow. So she came once more to the top of the great rock and the motionless figures around the fire.

"You here again, my child?" said January, as he made room for her before the fire. Dobrunka told him sadly it was rosy red apples she must bring home this time.

Old January rose as before.

"Brother September," said he to a man with an iron-gray beard who wore a purple mantle, "this is your business."

September rose and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames ascended, the snow melted, yellow and crimson leaves appeared on the trees, gently a brown leaf floated down—it was autumn. But Dobrunka saw one thing only, an apple tree with its rosy fruit.

"Make haste, my child, shake the tree," said September.

Dobrunka shook it; an apple fell; she shook it again, and down fell another.

"Now take what thou hast and hurry home!" cried September.

The good child thanked the Twelve Months and obediently ran back home. Now the astonishment of Katinka and her mother knew no bounds—

"Apples in January! Where did you get them?" asked Katinka.

"Up yonder on the mountain; there is a tree there loaded down with them."

"Why did you bring only these two? You ate the rest on the way!"

"Nay, sister, I did not touch them. I was only permitted to shake the tree twice, so only two apples fell down."

At that Katinka cried angrily, "I do not believe you. You have eaten the rest. Begone!" and she drove Dobrunka out

of the room. Then she sat down and ate one of the apples while her mother ate the other. Their flavor was delicious. They had never tasted the like before.

"Mother," cried Katinka, "Give me my warm fur cloak. I must have more of these apples. I shall go to the mountain, find the tree and shake it as long as I like, whether I am permitted or not. I shall bring back for myself all the delicious fruit on the tree."

The mother tried to stop her from going forth into the wintry forest. But the spoiled child would not heed her. Wrapping herself in her warm fur coat, and pulling the hood down over her ears, she hurried away.

Everything was covered with snow, there was not even a foot path. Katinka lost her way, but, urged on by greedy desire

for the apples, she still went forward till she spied a light in the distance. Then she climbed and she climbed till at last she reached the place where the Twelve Months sat about their fire. But she knew not who they were, so she pushed rudely through their midst and up to the fire without even a "By your leave."

"Why have you come here? What do you want?" asked old January gruffly.

"What matters it to you, old man?" answered Katinka. "It is none of your business." And without another word she turned and disappeared in the forest.

January frowned till his brow was black as a storm cloud. He raised his staff above his head, and in a twinkling, the fire went out, black darkness covered the earth, the wind rose and the snow fell.

Katinka could not see the way before her. The snow beat on her face and into her eyes and loomed up, mountains high, before her. She lost herself and vainly tried to find the way home. She called her mother, she cursed her sister, she shrieked out wildly. The snow fell and the wind blew, the snow fell and the wind blew—

The mother looked for her darling ceaselessly. First from the door and then from the window, and then from the door and then from the window. The hours passed—the clock struck midnight and still Katinka did not return.

"I shall go and look for my daughter," said the mother. So she wrapped herself warmly in her great fur cloak and hood and waded off through the drifts into the forest.

Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a foot path. At each step the woman called out through the storm for her daughter. The snow fell and the wind blew, the snow fell and the wind blew—

Dobrunka waited at home through the night but no one returned. In the morning she sat herself down at her spinning wheel and began to spin, but ever and again she sprang up and looked out at the window.

"What can have happened?" she said. But the only answer was the glare of the sun on the ice and the cracking of the branches beneath their heavy burdens.

Winter passed and summer came, but Katinka and her mother never returned to the little cottage beside the forest. So the house, the cow, the garden and the meadow fell to Dobrunka. In the course of time her Prince came. She married and the place resounded with laughter and joy and singing. The Spring Months called the world into bloom for her; Summer brought her flowers and sunny skies and green things growing; Autumn filled her storehouses with golden grain and ripened fruit, and Winter gave her sweet home joys with her little ones by the blazing hearth. No matter how much the North wind blew, and the house shook, and the snow fell—there was always spring and summer in Dobrunka's heart. So the roses climbed up over her cottage, the sweetest song birds sang at her door, her blossoming fruit trees perfumed the air, and the laughter of her children made music everywhere.

PROVIDENCE

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

—*Joseph Addison.*

The Three Wishes

A Spanish Fairy Tale

One winter's night many years ago, an old man, named Pedro, and his wife, Joanna, sat by their cozy fire, talking to one another, in a little old village in Spain. Now Pedro was comfortably well off in the goods of this world, but instead of giving thanks to God for the benefits they enjoyed, he and his wife spent all their time in wishing for the good things possessed by their neighbors.

"Bah!" cried Pedro. "This wretched little hut of ours is only fit to house a donkey! I wish we had the fine house and farm of our neighbor, Diego!"

"Aye! Diego's house and farm are well enough," answered Joanna. "Still I should like a mansion such as the grandees possess—such a one as that of Don Juan de la Rosa."

"Then there's that old donkey of ours," went on Pedro sullenly. "Good for nothing—nothing at all. He cannot carry an empty sack! Would that I owned Diego's strong Andalusian mule!"

"O aye!" said Joanna. "Diego's mule is better than our donkey. Yet, for me, I should like a white horse with trappings of scarlet and gold, like Donna Isabella's. Strange how some people have only to wish in order to get a thing. I've never been in such luck. Would that we had but to speak to have our wishes come true!"

Scarcely were the words out of Joanna's mouth when lo! on the hearth before the old couple appeared a beautiful little lady. She was not more than eighteen inches high and her garments were white and filmy and full of opal tints as though made of smoke, while a smoky veil floated down from a crown of sparks on her head. In her hand she bore a little golden wand, on the end of which glowed a single spark.

"I am the Fairy Fortunata," said she. "I have heard your complaints and am come to give you what you desire. Three

wishes you shall have,—one for you, Joanna,—one for you, Pedro, —and the third you shall agree upon between you, and I will grant it in person when I return at this time tomorrow."

So saying, the Fairy Fortunata sprang through the flames and disappeared. Ah! but the old couple were delighted. Three wishes to come true! They began to think at once of what they most desired in all the world. Wishes came swarming to them as thick as bees to a hive. The old man would be content with such prosperity as his neighbor, the farmer Diego, enjoyed, but the old woman—ah! her desires flew high—a palace with domes and spires and cupolas, and floors tiled with sapphire, and walls and ceilings done with arabesques of crimson, blue and gold; colonnaded courtyards with fountains playing in the centre, and gardens and servants and what not besides! Well, so many were the desires that came crowding to the old couple, that they could not agree off-hand on just which three to wish for. So they determined to

put off their decision until the next day and began talking of different things altogether.

"I dropped in at Diego's this morning," said Pedro, "and they were making black puddings. Um! but they smelled good! Diego can buy the best of food. He does not have to put up with such poor stuff as we have to eat!"

"True! True!" said Joanna. "I wish I had one of Diego's puddings this minute to roast on the ashes for supper!"

The words were not out of Joanna's mouth when presto! on the hearth appeared a delicious black pudding! The woman's eyes opened wide; but Pedro jumped up in a rage.

"You greedy creature!" he cried. "You have used up one of our precious wishes! Good heavens, to wish for nothing more than one poor little pudding! It makes me wild, you goose! I wish the silly pudding were stuck fast to your nose!"

Whisk! Flop! Splotch! there flew the great black pudding and hung from Joanna's nose. The old man shrieked in surprise. Joanna gurgled with horror; but shake her head as she might, she could no more shake off the pudding than she could shake off her nose!

"See what you have done, you evil tongue!" she wailed. "If I employed my wish badly, it injured only myself, but you—you—look!"

Thereupon, the dog and cat, having sniffed the savory pudding, came leaping up, springing and pawing, to lick that luscious morsel that was now Dame Joanna's nose!

"Down! Down!" shrieked Joanna, as she wildly defended the part attacked. "I shall agree to nothing else for our third wish than that this miserable pudding be taken off my nose!"

"Wife, for heaven's sake!" cried Pedro, "don't ask that! What of the new farm I wanted?"

"I will never agree to wish for it!"

"But listen to reason! Think of the palace you desired, with domes and spires and cupolas, and walls of crimson and gold."

"It does not matter!"

"O my dear! let us wish at least for a fortune, and then you shall have a golden case set with all the jewels you please, to cover the pudding on your nose!"

"I will not hear of it!"

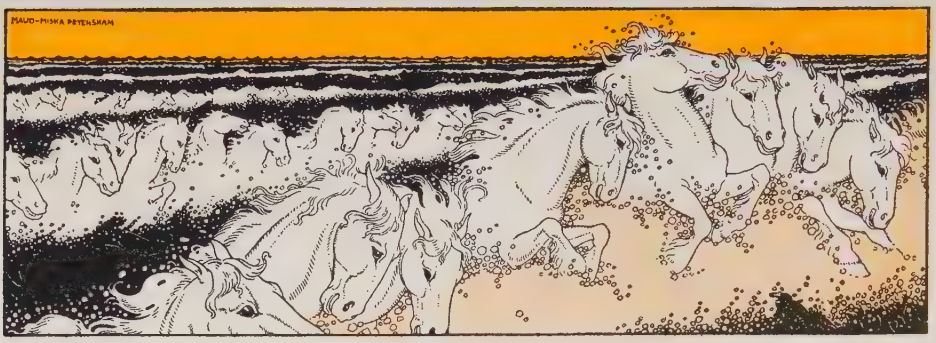
"Then, alas and alack, we shall be left just as we were before!"

"That is all I desire! I see now we were well enough off as we were!"

And for all the man could say, nothing could change his wife's mind. And so at last they agreed. On the following night the Fairy rose from the flames and bade them tell her their third wish, but they answered both together:

"We wish only to be as we were before."

And lo, their wish was granted.



WHITE HORSES*

HAMISH HENDRY

I saw them plunging through the foam,
  I saw them prancing up the shore—
A thousand horses, row on row,
  And then a thousand more!

In joy they leaped upon the land,
  In joy they fled before the wind,
Prancing and plunging on they raced,
  The huntsman raced behind.

When this old huntsman goes to sleep,
  The horses live beneath the waves;
They live at peace, and rest in peace,
  Deep in their sea green caves.

But when they hear the huntsman's shout
  Urging his hounds across the sea,
Out from their caves in frenzied fear
  The great white horses flee!

Today they plunged right through the foam,
  Today they pranced right up the shore,
A thousand horses, row on row,
  And then a thousand more.

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Why the Sea is Salt*

A Norse Folk Tale

GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN

Once on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor.

Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had not so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something with which to keep Christmas. It was not the first time his brother had been forced to help him, and, as he was always stingy, he was not very glad to see him this time, but he said, "I'll give you a whole piece of bacon, two loaves of bread, and candles into the bargain, if you'll never bother me again—but mind you don't set foot in my house from this day on."

The poor brother said he wouldn't, thanked his brother for the help he had given him, and started on his way home.

He hadn't gone far before he met an old, old man with a white beard, who looked so thin and worn and hungry that it was pitiful to see him.

"In heaven's name give a poor man a morsel to eat," said the old man.

"Now, indeed, I have been begging myself," said the poor brother, "but I'm not so poor that I can't give you something on the blessed Christmas eve." And with that he handed the old man a candle, and a loaf of bread, and he was just going to cut off a slice of bacon, when the old man stopped him—"That is enough and to spare," said he. "And now, I'll tell you something. Not far from here is the entrance to the home of the underground folks. They have a mill there which can grind out anything they wish for except bacon; now mind you go there. When you get inside they will all want to buy your bacon, but

*From *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.* Used by special arrangement with the author and the publisher, Row, Peterson & Co.

don't sell it unless you get in return the mill which stands behind the door. When you come out I'll teach you how to handle the mill."

So the man with the bacon thanked the other for his good advice and followed the directions which the old man had given him, and soon he stood outside of the hillfolks' home.

When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All the hillfolk, great and small, came swarming up to him, like ants around an ant-hill, and each tried to outbid the other for the bacon.

"Well!" said the man, "by rights, my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner; but, since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose I must give it up to you. Now, if I sell it at all, I'll have for it that mill behind the door yonder."

At first the hillfolk wouldn't hear of such a bargain and higgled and haggled with the man, but he stuck to what he said, and at last they gave up the mill for the bacon.

When the man got out of the cave and into the woods again, he met the same old beggar and asked him how to handle the mill. After he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could; still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door.

"Wherever in the world have you been?" said his old dame. "Here have I sat hour after hour, waiting and watching, without so much as two sticks to lay under the Christmas porridge."

"Oh!" said the man, "I could not get back before, for I had to go a long way first for one thing and then for another; but now you shall see what you shall see."

So he put the mill on the table, and bade it first of all grind lights, then a tablecloth, then meat, then ale, and so on till they had everything that was nice for Christmas fare. He had only to speak the word and the mill ground out whatever he wanted.

The old dame stood by blessing her stars, and kept on asking where he had got this wonderful mill, but he wouldn't tell her.

"It's all the same where I got it. You see the mill is a good one, and the mill stream never freezes. That's enough."

So he ground meat and drink and all good things to last out the whole of Christmas holidays, and on the third day he asked all his friends and kin to his house and gave them a great feast. Now, when his rich brother saw all that was on the table and all that was in the cupboards, he grew quite wild with anger, for he could not bear that his brother should have anything.

"'Twas only on Christmas eve," he said to the rest, "he was so poorly off that he came and begged for a morsel of food, and now he gives a feast as if he were a count or a king," and he turned to his brother and said, "But where in the world did you get all this wealth?"

"From behind the door," answered the owner of the mill, for he did not care to tell his brother much about it. But later in the evening, when he had gotten a little too merry, he could keep his secret no longer, and he brought out the mill and said:

"There you see what has gotten me all this wealth," and so he made the mill grind all kinds of things.

When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the mill, and, after some talk, it was agreed that the rich brother was to get it at hay-harvest time, when he was to pay three hundred dollars for it. Now, you may fancy the mill did not grow rusty for want of work, for while he had it the poor brother made it grind meat and drink that would last for years. When hay-harvest came, the rich brother got it, but he was in such a hurry to make it grind that he forgot to learn how to handle it.

It was evening when the rich brother got the mill home, and next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss hay while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay

home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner time drew near, he put the mill on the kitchen table and said:

"Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast."

And the mill began to grind herrings and broth, first of all the dishes full, then all the tubs full, and so on till the kitchen floor was quite covered. The man twisted and twirled at the mill to get it to stop, but for all his fiddling and fumbling the mill went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was nearly drowning. So he threw open the kitchen door and ran into the parlor, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full too, and it was only at the risk of his life that the man could get hold of the latch of the housedoor through the stream of broth. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm.

Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said:

"Well! though the master doesn't call us home, we may as well go. Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help."

The men were willing enough, so they sauntered homewards. But just as they had got a little way up the hill, what should they meet but herrings and broth, all running and dashing and

splashing together in a stream, and the master himself running before them for his life, and as he passed them he called out: "Eat, drink! eat, drink! but take care you're not drowned in the broth."

Away he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his brother's house, and begged him in heaven's name to take back the mill, at once, for, said he, "If it grinds only one hour more the whole parish will be swallowed up by herrings and broth."

So the poor brother took back the mill, and it wasn't long before it stopped grinding herrings and broth.

And now he set up a farmhouse far finer than the one in which his brother lived, and with the mill he ground so much gold that he covered it with plates of gold. And, as the farm lay by the seaside, the golden house gleamed and glistened far away over the sea. All who sailed by put ashore to see the rich man in the golden house, and to see the wonderful mill the fame of which spread far and wide, till there was nobody who hadn't heard of it.

So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the mill, and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt.

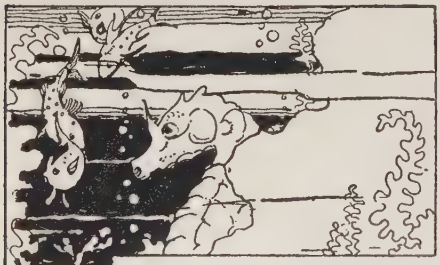
"Grind salt!" said the owner. "I should just think it could. It can grind anything."

When the skipper heard that, he said he must have the mill, for if he only had it, he thought, he need not take his

long voyages across stormy seas for a lading of salt. He much preferred sitting at home with a pipe and a glass. Well, the man let him have it, but the skipper was in such a hurry to get away with it that he had no time to ask how to handle the mill. He got on board his ship as fast as he could and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the mill on deck and said, "Grind salt, and grind both good and fast."

And the mill began to grind salt so that it poured out like water, and when the skipper had got the ship full he wished to stop the mill, but whichever way he turned it, and however much he tried, it did no good; the mill kept on grinding, the heap of salt grew higher and higher, and at last down sank the ship.

There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away to this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt—so some folks say.



THE SEA SHELL*

AMY LOWELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships and sailor-men
Of parrots and tropical trees;
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man may see again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves—
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, O please.

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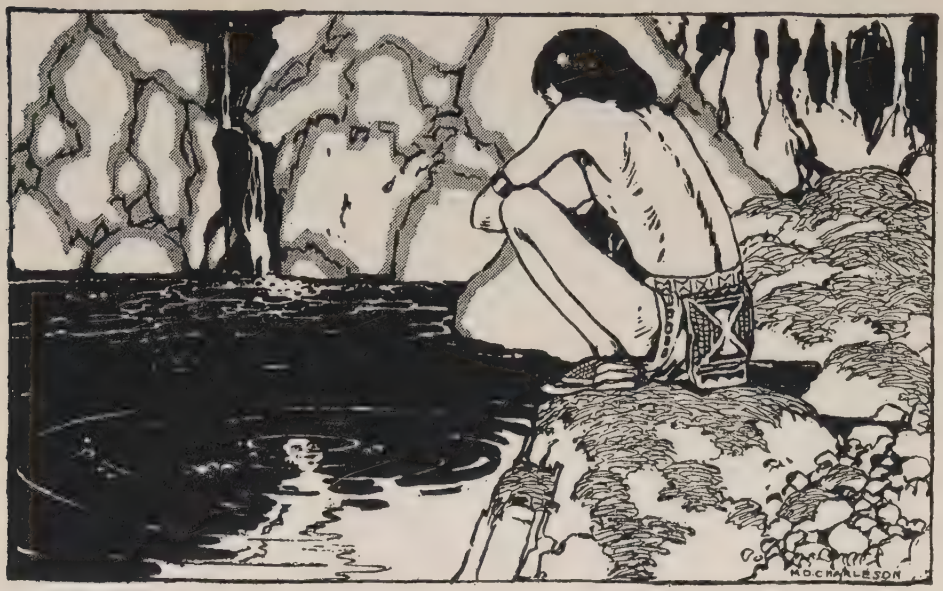


The Strong Boy

A Canadian Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there was an Indian woman, who went on a journey with her infant son through the wild Canadian woods. As the woman trudged along with her baby slung at her back, there came out of the woods a great Grizzly Bear. When the Bear saw the woman with no companions to guard her, he growled fiercely, fell upon her, seized her in his great, shaggy arms and carried her and her son off to his cave in the mountains. There in his deep, dark den he kept them prisoners year after year. They must live on what poor scraps of food he threw them when not too ill-tempered to give them nothing at all, and the woman must dance every night to his bidding, dance and amuse him till she was quite wearied out. If ever she rebelled and refused to obey, she got a cruel scratch from his claw on her cheek or a cuff from his mighty paw. And never

once could the woman or her son get one little glimpse of daylight, for the Bear had five great grizzly sons and when he was from home, his sons stood guard at the door of the cave so they could not hope to get out.

Well, of course the woman's baby didn't stay always a baby, but grew to be a fine boy. One day when he was about nine years old, he sat at the back of the den, looking into a pool, which was formed by a little stream that came bubbling into the cave. As he looked, lo! he saw a face peering up at him out of the water.

"What is the use of a boy who sits still and lets his mother be bullied?" said a voice from below the water.

"Ah," answered the Boy, "though I long ever so much to save my mother, how can a boy like me overcome a great grizzly bear and his great grizzly sons?"

"You will never overcome them if you sit still in this cave and do not even use what strength you have," said the Water Sprite. "You can only grow strong enough for such a deed by going out into the world and doing each day something stronger and greater than you did the day before."

"But how am I to get out into the world?" asked the Boy, "with the Bear's grizzly sons forever on guard at the only door."

"Ah," gurgled the Water Sprite, "don't be too sure that's the only door. Slip out of the cave as I slipped in." And with another gurgle, the face in the pool disappeared.

Then the Boy ran to his mother and told her what had occurred.

"My son," said the woman, but with sadness as of tears in her voice, "the Water Sprite is right. The time has come when you must leave me and go out into the world to grow strong."

Just as they spoke, in came the Bear, and with greater fierceness than ever before, he rose up on his hind feet, and bade the poor woman dance. At that the Boy could stand it no longer, but rushed upon him. The Bear was so astonished that he

stood for a moment with gaping mouth and paws poised high in the air. Then he made a great lunge to catch the Boy in his arms and hug the breath out of him. No chance at all had a child against such a huge, powerful beast. But as the great bully sprang forward, he knocked the lad over into the pool before he could stop himself. The moment his paws touched the water, he let go his hold and began to howl. "Ow-wow! Ow! Ow! Stop stinging me!" For the Water Sprite was after him, so the coward jerked his paws out of the water and the little Boy was free.

The next thing the Boy knew he was gliding along comfortably under the water and the Water Sprite was beside him. Pretty soon they rose smoothly up to the surface, and there all about was the great, wide, beautiful, sunlit world. The Water Sprite guided the Boy to the shore and then he bade him farewell.

"Go now and grow strong," said he, "so you can return and rescue your mother. When you are ready to go back, come to the river and call for me."

So the boy thanked the Water Sprite, climbed out of the water and off he went on his journey. He hadn't gone far when he met a man lifting a great canoe from the water. There were rapids in the stream just ahead and the man was going to carry his canoe along the bank till he could launch it in smooth water again.

"Let me help you," said the Boy to the Man. The Man looked him over from head to foot and saw he was but a child. At that he laughed with derision and said:

"Much help you'll be, little squirrel. Take hold of that end down there, if you like. Perhaps you can lift as much as a grasshopper!"

So the Man turned the canoe upside down and put it on his shoulders; the Boy put his shoulders under one end and away they marched. The canoe seemed to the Boy very heavy at

first but as they went farther, it grew lighter and lighter, and he bore more and more of the weight with each step, till by and by the Man had shifted it all onto his shoulders and was only pretending to carry it.

"Well," said the man when they launched the canoe again in the river, "you are a strong boy. Let us journey on together." For he thought within himself that he could make good use of such a strong fellow as this.

They travelled far and they travelled long, and every day the man gave the Boy more work to do and did less and less himself, so every day the Boy grew stronger and stronger, and the Man grew weaker and weaker. One night they encamped at a place on the river where the current was swift and strong. Scarcely had the Boy gathered the firewood and lit the fires, when they saw a large canoe filled with people come madly swirling along down the stream. The people had lost their paddles, so they could not control the canoe and the current was bearing it straight for the spot where the river plunged down in a mighty fall and would dash the frail little bark into pieces. Men, women,

and children were frantically waving their hands and begging some one on shore to save them. At that, there came suddenly out of the forest a great, burly man who seized a long pine pole and running it out across the river, put it under the plunging canoe. Then he raised the canoe with all the people straight up out of the water and drew it slowly toward the shore.

"There is a strong man, I'll be bound," said the Boy to himself. But just then he saw that the man's strength was giving out. He had drawn the canoe well up toward the shore, but was just about to drop it again and lose it once more in the current. So the Boy rushed out into the river, picked up the whole canoe full of people and carried it safely up onto the bank. Then said the man who had tried to save the people: "You are a strong boy—let me journey on with you."

So now there were three of them paddling off down the stream together, and every day the Men shifted more and more of the work to the Boy and every day as he worked he grew stronger and stronger while the Men grew weaker and weaker.

At last one day they went ashore and said they would build a wigwam where they could rest awhile. The Men made many motions, but the Boy did all the work, and when he had put up a comfortable lodge, the Men bade him go and hunt to provide them with food for the winter. They would stay home said the two, for some one must mind the wigwam and prepare the evening meal. Well, when the Boy was gone, the two lazy Men lolled about all day with their pipes and did no work at all; only towards evening they made ready the supper. Just as they had finished cooking it, a small boy came to the door of the wigwam, crying bitterly and begging for food. He looked very, very tiny and very, very weak and very, very poor and very, very miserable, so the Men bade him come in and help himself to a bite. But no sooner had the tiny little boy seated himself to the food, than

in a twinkling he gobbled up all that had been prepared for the three strong men. At that the Men were very angry and they fell upon the little fellow to beat him. But the little fellow gripped them with hands of iron. Tiny as he was, he held those two strong men so they could not move a muscle. And he banged their heads together, and gave them such a drubbing as they had never had in all their lives before.

When the boy came home he found his two comrades sighing and groaning, and heard the tale of the terrible little imp who had stolen their supper and given them a beating. The next day the Men said it was their turn to go hunting and the Boy should stay home, for, though they had never intended to do any work at all, they much preferred going a-hunting to staying behind and running the chance of falling in once more with the imp. So off went the Men, and the Boy stayed home and worked about the wigwam and got the supper. When it was all cooked, there to the door came the tiny wee fellow, crying bitterly as before and begging for something to eat.

"Come in," said the Strong Boy. At once the imp made a rush for the food, but the Strong Boy caught him and held him fast and then there was a struggle. The imp had his strength by magic and was almost a match for the Strong Boy. They wrestled and tussled and tussled and wrestled. But at last the Strong Boy got the imp down and sat on him and then the imp began screeching and shrieking and pleading for his life.

"Let me go! Let me go!" he cried, "I never thought there was anyone in the world strong enough to beat me. Let me go and I'll show you how you can use your strength to win great treasures of blankets and wampum."

"Nay," said the Boy, "I have no wish to use my strength to win great treasures."

"For what are you going to use it then?" whined the imp.

"I am going to save my mother from the Bear!"

"Oh," begged the imp, "but let me go and I'll show you how you can conquer a chief and rule over his tribe."

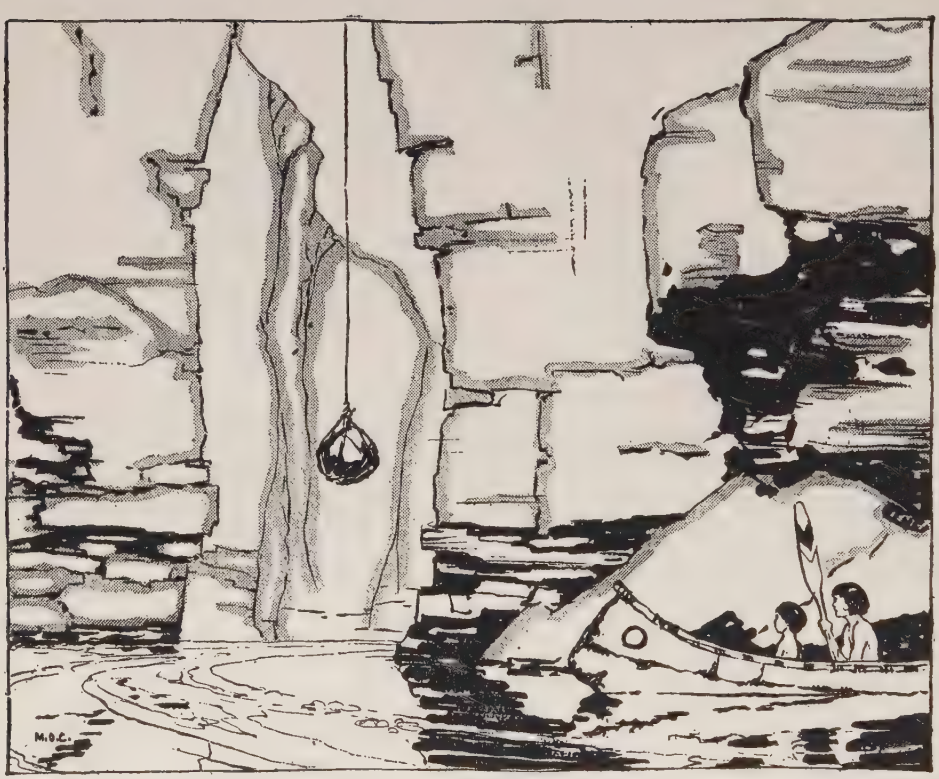
"Nay," said the Boy, "I have no wish to conquer a chief and rule over his tribe. I wish to save my mother from the Bear."

So, when the imp saw that he could not turn the Boy aside from the purpose for which he had got his strength, he knew full well that he could not rule over him. So long as he did not forget that it was to save his mother he had grown strong, there was nothing that could stand against him. So the imp said:

"I yield. I am the servant of a terrible giant who has never been defeated. If you will go and overcome the giant, I will be your servant from this time on and serve you faithfully."

So the Strong Boy let the imp go free and off they went to the giant's cave in the side of the hill. When they went in, there stood the giant looming up as big and dark as the shadow of pine woods at midnight, and he sprang upon the Strong Boy with all the strength of the whirlwind. They fought for a night and a day. But at last the Strong Boy overcame the giant and made an end of him and then the little imp became his faithful servant. When he went back to the wigwam and his two comrades saw that he had conquered the imp and made him his faithful servant, and heard how he had conquered a giant, they began to think that he had grown too strong altogether, and they were afraid of him because they were now so much weaker than he. So when they set out again on the river they began to plan how they could get rid of him. At last they came to a place where the river ran into a narrow valley with great, dark cliffs towering up on either side. They wanted to land but the precipices came straight down to the water's edge and they could find no place to beach their canoe. At that the Men said:

"You stay here and we will climb up the cliff. Then we will



let down a rope and pull you up with the canoe."

So they climbed up the cliff and let down a rope and the Strong Boy was going to tie the rope to the canoe and let them pull him up.

"Don't do that," said the imp. "Those men are afraid of you now. They know you could easily be their master and when they have you half way up the cliff they will cut the rope, so that you will come crashing down."

So the Strong Boy got a huge rock and tied it to the rope, then he called to the Men above to pull. They tugged and they tugged, but when they had the rock half way, sure enough, they

let go and the rock came crashing down. Then the Boy climbed up the cliff safe and sound, and when the Men saw him they were so astonished and terrified that they ran for their lives.

When he was thus freed of his unworthy companions, the Strong Boy took the imp by the hand and flung himself into the river. As he did so, he called on the Water Sprite, for now he was ready to be taken back to the cave. The Water Sprite came at once to his aid and soon they were gliding smoothly along underneath the water. In less time than it takes to tell they came up in the Grizzly Bear's den. The Bear had just come home and he was more ugly and threatening than ever.

"Dance!" he was saying to the poor woman. "Dance, till your teeth rattle! Dance, I tell you. Dance!"

But the Strong Boy rushed out and seized him. It was a different story now from what it had been when they fought before, for in the Strong Boy's arms the wicked old fellow could not even move. In a trice the breath was crushed out of him. As to the Bear's five sons, who all rushed out to save their father, the imp finished them, and soon the Strong Boy was leading his mother out of the cave and into the great, wide, beautiful world. So he built a good wigwam for her and took care of her always, and the imp and the Water Sprite lived close by, and they all were happy ever after.

The Ogre That Played Jackstraws*

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Once there was a terrible giant ogre, and he lived in a huge castle that was built right in the middle of a valley. All men had to pass by it when they came to the king's palace on the rock at the head of the valley. And they were all terribly afraid of the ogre, and ran just as fast as they could when they went by. And when they looked back as they were running, they could see the ogre sitting on the wall of his castle. And he scowled at them so fiercely that they ran as fast as ever they could. For the ogre had a head as large as a barrel, and great black eyes sunk deep under long, bushy eyelashes. And when he opened his mouth they saw that it was full of teeth, and so they ran away faster than ever, without caring to see anything more.

And the king wanted to get rid of the ogre, and he sent his men to drive the ogre away and to tear down his castle. But the ogre scowled at them so savagely that their teeth began to fall out, and they all turned back and said they dare not fight such a horrid creature. Then Roger, the king's son, rode his black

*From *The Book of Knight and Barbara.* Used by permission of the author and the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

horse Hurricane up against the door of the ogre's castle, and struck hard against the door with his iron glove. Then the door opened and the ogre came out and seized Roger in one hand and the great black horse in the other and rubbed their heads together, and while he did this he made them very small. Then he tumbled them over the wall into the ogre's garden. And they crawled through a hole in the garden fence and both ran home, Roger one way and Hurricane the other, and neither dared tell the king nor anyone else where he had been, nor what the ogre had done to him. But it was two or three days before they became large again.

Then the king sent out some men with a cannon to batter down the walls of the ogre's castle. But the ogre sat on the wall and caught the cannon balls in his hand and tossed them back at the cannon, so that they broke the wheels and scared away all the men. And when the cannon sounded the ogre roared so loudly that all the windows in the king's palace were broken, and the queen and all the princesses went down into the cellar and hid among the sugar barrels, and stuffed cotton in their ears till the noise should stop. And whatever the king's men tried to do the ogre made it worse and worse. And at last no one dared to go out into the valley beside the ogre's castle, and no one dared look at it from anywhere, because when the ogre scowled all who saw him dropped to the ground with fear, and their teeth began to fall out, and when the ogre roared there was no one who could bear to hear it.

So the king and all his men hid in the cellar of the castle with the queen and the princesses, and they stuffed their ears full of cotton, and the ogre scowled and roared and had his own way.

But there was one little boy named Pennyroyal, who tended the black horse Hurricane, and he was not afraid of anything because he was a little boy. And the little boy said he would go out and see the ogre and tell him to go away. And they were all so scared that they could not ask him not to go. So Pennyroyal

put on his hat, filled his pockets with marbles and took his kite under his arm, and went down the valley to the castle of the ogre. The ogre sat on the wall and looked at him, but the little boy was not afraid, and so it did the ogre no good to scowl. Then Pennyroyal knocked on the ogre's door, and the ogre opened it and looked at the little boy.

"Please, Mr. Ogre, may I come in?" said Pennyroyal; and the ogre opened the door, and the little boy began to walk around the castle looking at all the things. There was one room filled with bones, but the ogre was ashamed of it, and did not want to let the little boy see it. So when Pennyroyal was not looking the ogre just changed the room and made it small, so that instead of a room full of bones it became just a box of jackstraws. And the big elephant he had there to play with he made into a lap-elephant, and the little boy took it in his hand and stroked its tiny tusks and tied a knot in its trunk. And anything that could frighten the little boy the ogre made small and pretty, so that they had great times together.

And by and by the ogre grew smaller and smaller, and took off his ugly old face with the long teeth and bushy eyebrows and dropped them on the floor and covered them with a wolf-skin. Then he sat down on the wolf-skin and the little boy sat down on the floor beside him, and they began to play jackstraws with the box of jackstraws that had been a room full of bones. The ogre had never been a boy himself, so jackstraws was the only game he knew how to play. Then the elephant he had made small snuggled down between them on the floor. And as they played with each other, the castle itself grew small, and shrank away until there was just room enough for them and for their game.

Up in the palace, when the ogre stopped roaring, the king's men looked out and saw that the ogre's castle was gone. Then Roger, the king's son, called for Pennyroyal. But when he could not find the boy, he saddled the black horse Hurricane himself and rode down the valley to where the ogre's castle had been. When he came back he told the king that the ogre and his castle were all gone. Where the castle stood there was nothing left but a board tent under the oak tree, and in the tent there were just two little boys playing jackstraws, and between them on the ground lay a candy elephant.

That was all. For the terrible ogre was one of that kind of ogres that will do to folks just what folks do to them. There isn't any other kind of ogre.

A SONG FROM "THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN"*

ALFRED NOYES

There when the sunset colours the streets
    Everyone buys at wonderful stalls
Toys and chocolates, guns and sweets,
    Ivory pistols, and Persian shawls;
Everyone's pockets are crammed with gold;
    Nobody ever grows tired and old,
    And nobody calls you "Baby" there.

There with a hat like a round, white dish
    Upside down on each pig-tailed head,
Jugglers offer you snakes and fish,
    Dreams and dragons and gingerbread;
Beautiful books with marvellous pictures,
    Painted pirates and streaming gore,
And everyone reads, without any strictures,
    Tales he remembers for evermore.

*From *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by permission of Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Moon-Maiden

A Japanese Fairy Tale

There dwelt once on the edge of the forest at the foot of Fujiyama, a bamboo-cutter and his wife. They were honest, industrious people who loved each other dearly, but no children had come to bless them, and therefore they were not happy.

"Ah, husband," mourned the wife, "more welcome to me than cherry blossoms in springtime would be a little child of my own."

One evening she stood on the porch of her flimsy bamboo cottage and lifted her eyes toward the everlasting snows on the top of Fujiyama. Then, with swelling breast, she bowed herself to the ground and cried out to the Honorable Mountain:

"Fuji no yama, I am sad because no little head lies on my breast, no childish laughter gladdens our home. Send me, I pray thee, from thine eternal purity, a little one to comfort me."

As she spoke, lo! from the top of the Honorable Mountain

there suddenly sparkled a gleam of light as when the face of a child is lit by a beaming smile.

"Husband, husband, come quickly," cried the good woman. "See there on the heights of Fujiyama a child is beaming upon me."

"It is but your fancy," said the bamboo-cutter and yet he added, "I will climb up and see what is there."

So he followed the trail of silvery light through the forest, and up the steep slope where Fujiyama towered white and still above him. At last he stopped below a tall bamboo by the bank of a mountain stream, from whence the glow seemed to come. There, cradled in the branches of the tree, he found a tiny moon-child, fragile, dainty, radiant, clad in flimsy, filmy moon-shine, more beautiful than anything he had ever seen before.

"Ah, little shining creature, who are you?" he cried.

"I am the Princess Moonbeam," answered the child. "The Moon Lady is my mother, but she has sent me to earth to comfort the sad heart of your wife."

"Then, little Princess," said the Woodman eagerly, "I will take you home to be our child."

So the woodman bore her carefully down the mountain side.

"See, wife," he called, "what the Moon Lady has sent you."

Then was the good woman overjoyed. She took the little moon-child and held her close, and the moon-child's little arms went twining about her neck, as she nestled snug against her breast. So was the good wife's longing satisfied at last.

As the years passed by, Princess Moonbeam brought nothing but joy to the woodman and his wife. Lovelier and lovelier she grew. Fair was her face and radiant, her eyes were shining stars, and her hair had the gleam of a misty silver halo. About her, too, there was a strange, unearthly charm that made all who saw her love her.

One day there came riding by in state the Mikado himself.

He saw how the Princess Moonbeam lit up the humble cottage, and he loved her. Then the Mikado would have taken her back with him to court, but no!—the longing of the earthly father and mother for a little child had been fulfilled, the Princess Moonbeam had stayed with them till she was a maiden grown, and now the time had come when she must go back to her sky mother, the Lady in the Moon.

"Stay, stay with me on earth!" cried the Mikado.

"Stay, stay with us on earth!" cried the bamboo-cutter and his wife. Then the Mikado got two thousand archers and set them on guard close about the house and even on the roof, that none might get through to take her. But when the moon rose white and full, a line of light like a silver bridge sprung arching down from heaven to earth and floating along that gleaming path came the Lady from the Moon. The Mikado's soldiers stood as though turned to stone. Straight through their midst the Moon Lady passed and bent caressingly down for her long-absent child. She wrapped her close in a garment of silver mist. Then she caught her tenderly in her arms, and led her gently back to the sky. The Princess Moonbeam was glad to go back home, yet as she went, she wept silvery tears for those she was leaving behind. And lo! her bright, shining tears took wings and floated away to carry a message of love, that should comfort the Mikado, and her earthly father and mother.

To this very day the gleaming tears of the little Princess Moonbeam are seen to float hither and yon about the marshes and groves of Japan. The children chase them with happy cries and say, "See the fire-flies! How beautiful they are!" Then their mothers, in the shadow of Fujiyama, tell the children this legend—how the fire-flies are shining love messages of the little Princess Moonbeam, flitting down to bring comfort to earth from her far-off home in the silver moon.

THE VILLAGE FAIR*

NICHOLAS NEKRASSOV

(*Translated from the Russian by Juliet M. Soskice*)

Our peasants determine
To see the shop windows,
The handkerchiefs, ribbons,
And stuffs of bright color;
And near to the boot-shop
Is fresh cause for laughter;
For here an old peasant
Most eagerly bargains
For small boots of goat-skin
To give to his grandchild.
He asks the price five times;
Again and again
He has turned them all over;
He finds they are faultless.

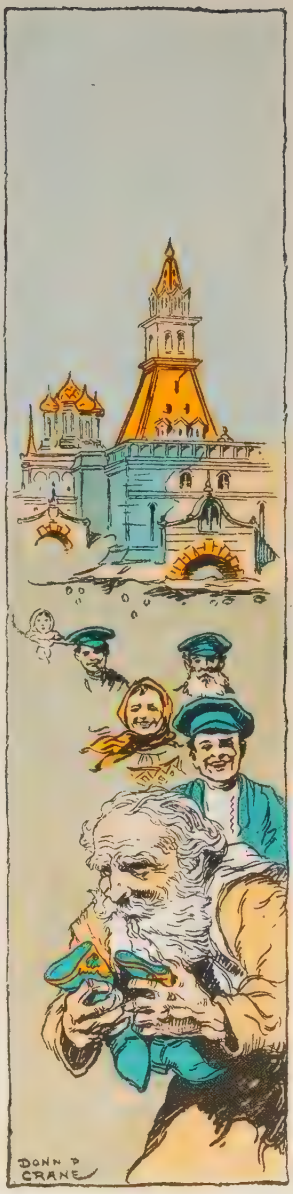
"Well, Uncle, pay up now,
Or else be off quickly."
The seller says sharply.

*Used by the courteous permission of The Oxford University Press.

But wait! the old fellow
  Still gazes, and fondles
The tiny boots softly,
  And then speaks in this wise:
  "My daughter won't scold me,
  My wife—let her grumble—
My poor little grandchild
  She clung to my neck,
And she said, 'Little Grandfather,
  Buy me a present.'

"Her soft little ringlets
  Were tickling my cheek,
And she kissed the old Grand-dad.
  You wait, little bare-foot,
Wee spinning-top, wait then,
  Some boots I will buy you,
Some boots made of goat-skin."
  And then must old Vavil
Begin to boast grandly,
  To promise a present
To old and to young.
  But now his last farthing
Is swallowed. . . .

Then came forward
  Pavloosha Varenko;
He now rescued Vavil,
  And bought him the boots
To take home to his grand-child.
The old man fled blindly,
  But clasping them tightly,
Forgetting to thank him,
  Bewildered with joy.
The crowd was as pleased, too,
  As if had been given
To each one a rouble—



The Good Comrades of The Flying Ship

A Russian Tale

THERE lived once upon a time in Russia a peasant and his wife, and they had three sons; two were clever, but the third was thought a fool. The elder brothers were forever telling him he had no wits, and he found himself always treated as of no use whatsoever. One day they all heard that a writing had come from the Tsar which said:

"Whoever builds a ship that can fly, to him will I give my daughter, the Tsarevna, to wife."

The elder brothers resolved to go and seek their fortune, and they begged a blessing of their parents. The mother got ready their things for the journey, and gave them the best she had in the house to eat on the way. Then the fool began to beg them to send him off too. His mother told him he should not go.

"Why shouldst thou go?" said his mother. "Dost thou think thou canst do what wiser men cannot?"

But the fool was always singing the same refrain, "I think I can! I want to go!"

At length his mother saw she could do nothing with him, so she gave him a poor crust of black bread and sent him out. The fool went and went, and at last he met an old man. They greeted each other, and the old man asked, "Where art thou going?"

"Look now," said the fool, "the Tsar has promised to give his daughter to him who shall make a flying ship!"

"And canst thou make such a ship?"

"No, I cannot, but I'll get it made for me somewhere."

"And where is that somewhere?"

"God only knows."

"Well, in that case, sit down here, rest and eat a bit. Share with me what thou hast in thy knapsack."

"Nay, it is such stuff that I am ashamed to share it with thee."

"Nonsense! Take it out! What God has given is quite good enough to be eaten."

The fool undid his knapsack and could hardly believe his eyes. There, instead of the dry crust of brown bread, lay white rolls and divers savory meats, and he gave of it to the old man. So they ate together and the old man said to the fool:

"Go into the wood, straight up to the first tree. Strike the trunk with thine axe, then fall with thy face to the ground and wait till thou art aroused. Thou wilt see before thee a ship quite ready. Sit in it and fly, and whomsoever thou dost meet on the road, gather him up and give him a lift on his journey."

So our fool blessed the old man, took leave of him, and went into the wood. He went up to the first tree and did exactly as he had been commanded. He struck the trunk with his axe, fell with his face to the ground and went to sleep. In a little while, something or other awoke him. The fool rose up and saw the ship quite ready beside him. Without loss of time, he got into it, and the ship flew up into the air. It flew and flew and look!—there on the road below a man was lying with his ear to the earth.

"Good day, uncle!" cried the fool.

"Good day!"

"What art thou doing?"

"I am listening to what is going on in the world."

"Art thou traveling?"

"Yea."

"Then take a seat in the ship beside me. I'll give thee a lift on thy journey."

So the man got into the ship and they flew on further. They flew and flew and look!—a man was coming along hopping on one leg, with the other leg tied tightly to his ear.

"Good day, uncle! Why art thou hopping on one leg?"

"Why, if I were to untie the other, I should stride around half the world at a single stride, so long are my steps!"

"Then take a seat in the ship beside me."

So the man got into the ship and they flew on further. They flew and flew and look!—a man was standing with a gun and taking aim, but at what they could not see.

"Good day, uncle, at what art thou aiming?"

"Oh, I'm aiming at a mark the size of a pea at a distance of one hundred leagues. That's what I call shooting!"

"Art thou traveling?"

"Yea!"

"Then take a seat in the ship beside me. I'll give thee a lift on thy journey."

So the man sat down and they flew on. They flew and flew and look!—a man was walking in the forest, and on his shoulders was a bundle of wood.

"Good day, uncle, why art thou dragging wood about?"

"Oh, but this is not common wood!"

"Of what sort is it, then?"

"It is of such a sort that if it be scattered, a whole army will spring up."

"Take a seat with us, then. I'll give thee a lift on thy journey."

So he also sat down with them and they flew on further. They flew and flew and look!—a man was carrying a sack of straw.

"Good day, uncle, whither art thou carrying that straw?"

"To the village."

"Is there little straw in the village, then?"

"Nay, but this straw is of such a kind that if it be scattered on the hottest summer day, cold will at once set in, with snow and frost."

"Take a seat with us then. I'll give thee a lift on thy journey."

So they flew and flew and soon they flew into the Tsar's courtyard. The Tsar was sitting at table when he saw the flying ship drop from the sky just outside his window. In great surprise, he sent his servant to ask who it was that had accomplished the task.

The servant went to the ship and looked and brought back word to the Tsar that it was but a miserable little peasant who was flying the ship. The Tsar fell a-thinking. He did not wish to give his daughter to a simple peasant, so he began to consider how he could rid himself of such a son-in-law.

"I will set him a task he can never perform," thought he.

Immediately he called his servant and bade him say to the fool: "Thou shalt get thy master, the Tsar, some of the living

and singing water from the other end of the world. And mind that thou bringest it here before the end of the meal which he is even now eating. Shouldst thou fail to do this, thou shalt pay for it with thy life."

Now at the very time when the Tsar was giving this command to his servant, the first comrade whom the fool had taken into the ship (that is to say Sharp-ear) heard what the Tsar said and told it to the fool.

"What shall I do now?" said the fool. "If I travel for my whole life I shall never get to the other end of the world, let alone bringing the water here before the imperial meal is over."

"Never fear," said Swift-of-foot, "I'll manage it for thee."

The servant came and made known the Tsar's commands.

"Say I'll fetch it," replied the fool, and Swift-of-foot untied his leg from his ear, ran off and in a twinkling was at the other end of the earth. There he got the living and singing water.

"I must make haste and return presently," said he, "but I've plenty of time for a nap first." And he sat down under a water-mill and went to sleep.

The Tsar's dinner was drawing to a close. He was eating dessert and was just putting his last sweetmeat to his lips, still Swift-of-foot did not turn up, so it appeared that all hope was lost for the fool. But Sharp-ear bent down to the earth and listened.

"Oh ho!" he cried, "Swift-of-foot has fallen asleep beneath the mill. I can hear him snoring."

Then Hit-the-mark seized his gun and fired a shot into the mill just above the sleeper's head. The noise awoke Swift-of-foot, who took one great stride and there he was back at the ship with the water. The Tsar was just ready to rise from the table, when the fool laid the water at his feet.

At this the Tsar was astounded. He saw he must think of

some other way to get rid of the fool, so he sent his servant to him and bade him prepare for his wedding.

"First go to the bath-room assigned thee, and have a good wash," he ordered.

Now this bath-room was made of cast-iron, and the Tsar commanded that it should be heated hotter than hot. So they heated the bath red hot. The fool went to wash himself, but when he drew near and felt the waves of heat that came forth from the door, he summoned the comrade with the straw.

"I must strew the floor," said the comrade. So both were locked into the bath-room, the comrade scattered the straw, the room at once became icy cold, and the water in the bath froze, so the fool could scarcely wash himself properly. He crept up onto the stove and there he passed the whole night.

In the morning servants opened the door of the bath and they found the fool alive and well, lying on the stove, and singing songs.

They brought word thereof to the Tsar. The Tsar was now sore troubled. He did not know how to get rid of the fool. He thought and thought, and at length he commanded the fool to produce a whole army of his own.

"How will a simple peasant be able to gather an army?" thought he, "he will surely fail this time."

The servant came to the fool and said: "If thou wilt have the Tsarevna, thou must, before morning, put a whole army on foot."

As soon as the fool heard this, he said:

"You have delivered me from my straits more than once, my friends, but it is plain that nothing can be done now."

"Thou art a pretty fellow," said the man with the bundle of wood. "Why, thou hast clean forgotten me!"

So the fool took courage again and sent this word to the Tsar:

"I agree; I shall raise up the army our master, the Tsar,

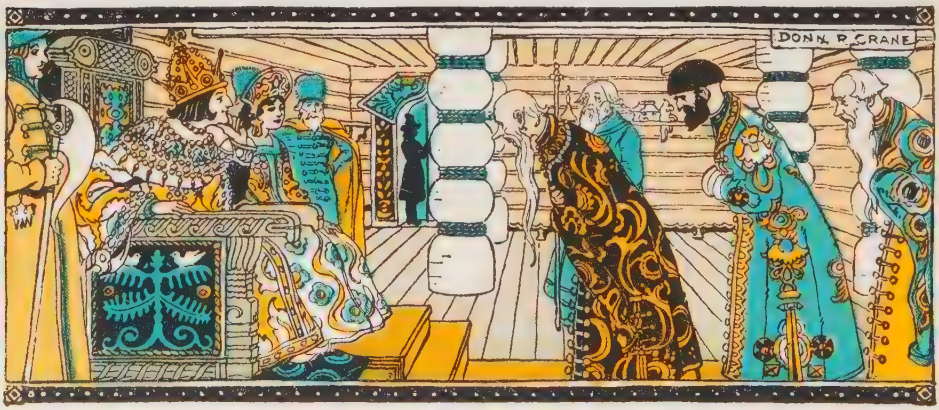
demands of me. But tell him that should he again refuse to keep his word with me, with the very army he bids me raise, I shall conquer his whole kingdom."

At night the fool's companion went out into the fields, took his bundle of wood, and began scattering the fagots in different directions. Immediately a countless army sprang up, both horse and foot. In the morning the Tsar saw it, a multitude in arms, swarming over his whole country side, and then at last he cried:

"I am forced to yield; such an army as this could conquer my whole kingdom!"

So he sent in all haste to the fool with gifts of precious ornaments and raiment, and bade him come to be welcomed at court and married to the Tsarevna.

The fool attired himself in these costly garments. Then he richly repaid the friends who had proven such good comrades and was off to the Tsar. That same day he wedded the Tsarevna and lived henceforth with her at court. It now appeared that he was no fool at all, as men had thought him, but in truth a wise and clever young man. So the Tsar and Tsarevna grew very fond of him and it was soon his wisdom that was governing the kingdom.



Pigling and Her Proud Sister*

A Korean Cinderella Tale

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

Pear Blossom had been the name of a little Korean maid who was suddenly left motherless. When her father, Kang Wa, who was a magistrate high in office, married again, he took for his wife a proud widow whose daughter, born to Kang Wa, was named Violet. Mother and daughter hated housework and made Pear Blossom clean the rice, cook the food and attend the fire in the kitchen. They were hateful in their treatment of Pear Blossom, and, besides never speaking a kind word, called her Pigling, or Little Pig, which made the girl weep often.

*Taken from *Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales* published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

It did no good to complain to her father, for he was always busy. He smoked his yard-long pipe and played checkers hour by hour, apparently caring more about having his great white coat properly starched and lustred than for his daughter to be happy. His linen had to be beaten with a laundry club until it glistened like hoar frost.

Poor Pigling had to perform this task of washing, starching and glossing, in addition to the kitchen work, and the rat-tat-tat of her laundry stick was often heard in the outer room till after midnight, when the heartless mother and daughter had long been asleep.

There was to be a great festival in the city and for many days preparations were made in the house to get the father ready in his best robe and hat, and the women in their finery, to go out and see the king and the royal procession.

Poor Pigling wanted very much to have a look at the pageant but the mother, setting before her a huge straw bag of unhulled rice and a big cracked water jar, told her she must husk all the rice, draw water from the well, and fill the crock to the brim before she dared to go out on the street.

What a task to hull with her fingers three bushels of rice and fill up a leaky vessel! Pigling wept bitterly.

While she was brooding thus and opening the straw bag to begin spreading the rice out on mats, she heard a whir and rush of wings and down came a flock of pigeons. They first lighted on her head and shoulders, and then hopping to the floor began diligently to work with beak and claw, and in a few minutes the rice lay in a heap, clean, white and glistening, while with their pink toes they pulled away the hulls and put these in a separate pile. Then, after a great chattering and cooing, the flock was off and away.

Pigling was so amazed at this wonderful work of the birds

that she scarcely knew how to be thankful enough. But, alas, there was still the cracked crock to be filled. Just as she took hold of the bucket to begin, there crawled out of the fire hole a sooty, black imp, named Tokgabi.

"Don't cry," he squeaked out. "I'll mend the broken part and fill the big jar for you." Forthwith, he stopped up the crack with clay, and pouring a dozen buckets of water from the well into the crock, filled it to brimming so the water spilled over on all sides. Then Tokgabi bowed and crawled into the flues again, before the astonished girl could thank her helper.

So Pigling had time to dress in her plain but clean clothes. She went off and saw the royal banners and the king's grand procession of thousands of loyal men.

The next time, Violet and her mother planned a picnic on the mountain. So the refreshments were prepared and Pigling had to work hard in starching the dresses to be worn—jackets, long skirts, belts, sashes, and what not, until she nearly dropped with fatigue. Yet instead of thanking and cheering her, the heart-

less woman told Pigling she must not go out until she had hoed all the weeds in the garden and pulled up all the grass between the stones of the walk.

Again the poor girl's face was wet with tears. She was left at home alone, while the others went off in fine clothes, with plenty to eat and drink, for a day of merrymaking.

While she wept thus, a huge, black cow came along and out of its great, liquid eyes seemed to beam compassion upon the kitchen slave. Then, in ten mouthfuls, the animal ate up the weeds, and, between its hoof and lips, soon made an end of the grass in the stone pathway.

With her tears dried, Pigling followed this wonderful brute out over the meadows into the woods, where she found the most delicious fruit her eyes ever rested upon. She tasted and enjoyed, feasting to the full and then returned home.

When Violet heard of the astonishing doings of the black cow, she determined to enjoy a feast in the forest also. So on the next gala-day she stayed home and let the kitchen drudge go to see the royal parade. Pigling could not understand why she was excused, even for a few hours, from the pots and kettles, but she was still more surprised by the gift from her stepmother of a rope of cash to spend for dainties. Gratefully thanking the woman, she put on her best clothes and was soon on the main street of the city enjoying the gay sights and looking at the happy people. There were tight rope dancing, music with drum and flute by bands of strolling players, tricks by conjurers and mountebanks, with mimicking and castanets, posturing by the singing girls and fun of all sorts. Boys peddling honey candy, barley sugar and sweetmeats were out by the dozen. At the eating-house, Pigling had a good dinner of fried fish, boiled rice with red peppers, turnips, dried persimmons, roasted chestnuts and candied orange, and felt as happy as a queen.

The selfish Violet had stayed home, not to relieve Pigling of work, but to see the wonderful cow. So, when the black animal appeared and found its friend gone, it went off into the forest. Violet at once followed in the tracks of the cow that took it into its head to go very fast, and into unpleasant places. Soon the girl found herself in a swamp, wet, miry and full of brambles. Still hoping for wonderful fruit, she kept on until she was tired out and the cow was no longer to be seen. Then, muddy and bedraggled, she tried to go back, but the thorny bushes tore her clothes, spoiled her hands and so scratched her face that when at last, she got home, she was in rags and her beauty gone.

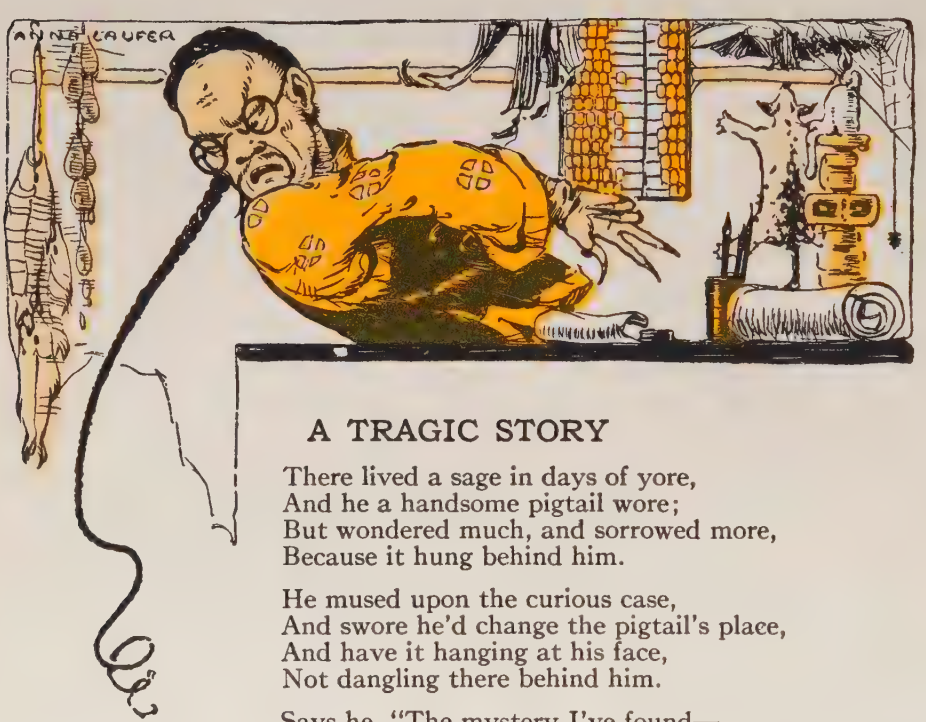
But Pigling, rosy and round, looked so lovely that a young man from the south, who saw her that day, was struck by her beauty. As he wanted a wife, he immediately sought to find out where she lived. Then he secured a go-between who visited both families and made all arrangements for the betrothal and marriage.

Grand was the wedding. The groom, Su-Wen, was dressed in white and black silk robes, with a rich horsehair cap and headdress denoting his rank as a gentleman.

Charming, indeed, looked Pear Blossom, in her robe of brocade. Dainty were her red kid shoes curved upward at the toes.

So with her original name now restored, and henceforth called Ewa, or Pear Blossom, the daughter of Kang Wa was to be Mrs. Su-Wen.

Leaving her home in a palanquin borne by four lusty bearers, Pear Blossom went forth to live amid rich rice fields of a southern province. Her home was with a father and mother-in-law, who, having no other children but their one son, became very fond of their new daughter. Summer after summer the pear trees bloomed and Ewa, the Pear Blossom, lived ever happily.



A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon the curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

—*Albert von Chamisso.*

(*Translated by William Makepeace Thackeray.*)

Aruman, a Hero of Java

On the island of Java, that rises like a garden a-bloom from the blue Indian Ocean, there lived once in the long, long ago, a boy called Aruman. Now Aruman's mother was dead. It was his good old baboo or nurse, named Sumarr, who had brought him up. When he was a baby, Sumarr carried him close against her breast in the sash that hung from her shoulders. She wreathed his little brown body with garlands of jessamine flowers; she made him toy umbrellas of white tanjong blossoms; she played with him and loved him as tenderly as a mother. And when evening came, she crooned him to sleep with a queer, little, one-toned song like the rustling of reeds in the wind. Then she spread out her small strip of matting on the floor, and lay down to sleep beside his bed, like some faithful dog guarding its master.

So, though Aruman had no mother, his childhood was happy. But one day, while he was still a young lad, there was much noise of many people stirring about in his father's house, and towards evening a grand procession came up to the door. There were men on hobby horses beating strange musical instruments; an orchestra of bells, drums, kettles and viols; wooden figures of a giant and giantess, carried by men and seeming to walk of themselves; women with paper birds, flowers, and tall fans of peacock feathers. Then, borne high on the shoulders of four men, a great litter, in which rode three flower-wreathed maidens,

and behind all, on horseback—Drahman, Aruman's father.

"It is a wedding procession, Sumarr! What does it mean?" asked Aruman.

"Ah, little cricket," answered the good baboo, "it means that thy father has brought thee home a new mother. Up there she sits in the litter with her maids. Ma Qualoan is her name."

Now Ma Qualoan had not long taken her place in Drahman's household before she began to show a great dislike for Aruman. Her heart was hard and she could not bear that Aruman should have any share in his father's love.

" 'Tis a lazy lad of thine," she would say to Drahman, "lazy and gluttonous. All day long he does nothing but eat and sleep. Fie for shame! He has no knowledge of the sacred writings. He will not study and he knows not right from wrong!"

So Ma Qualoan went on till Aruman was shut out of his father's heart altogether. Aruman must live with the servants, Aruman must eat scraps from his father's table, Aruman should have less of the light of his father's eyes than Drahman's pet cock! And when Aruman did at last make his way to Drahman, throw himself at his feet and beg that his love should return, Drahman drove the boy with harsh words out of his presence.

In great distress Aruman fled to Sumarr, and on her faithful bosom, poured forth all his grief. Sumarr soothed him as best she could and went herself to Drahman to plead for the child, but her words, too, were in vain.

"Thou hast brought up a son who is a disgrace to me," cried Drahman. "Get thee out of my sight!"

At last, from all Ma Qualoan told him, Drahman grew fearful lest Aruman should do some deed so wicked as to bring shame upon him, so he determined to rid himself of the child.

It happened that Aruman wandered one day alone into the forest. A fragrant shower of white blossoms floated down from

the tanjong branches about him; red and orange flowers dropped from the flame-of-the-forest and lay like red embers on his path, but Aruman, who loved the flowers so well, had no eyes for them today. He was thinking only how he had been shut out from his father's heart. So he sat himself down sadly beneath the spreading branches of a giant waringen tree near a stream and wept. Soon, as he sat there, lo! he saw his father come toward him. Aruman rose in respectful greeting, but Drahman stood sternly still, pointing one finger toward the mass of small trunks that formed the giant trunk of the waringen tree.

"Like the waringen tree, I hoped my sons would be," said Drahman, "countless in number, sturdy, upright and all joined as one to mine honor. But lo! I have only thee who disgrace me." So saying, he seized the child, bound him with ropes, and cast him into the river, crying, "Begone forever."

"Father, Father," shrieked the boy, but the stream bore him on and away, on, on and away.

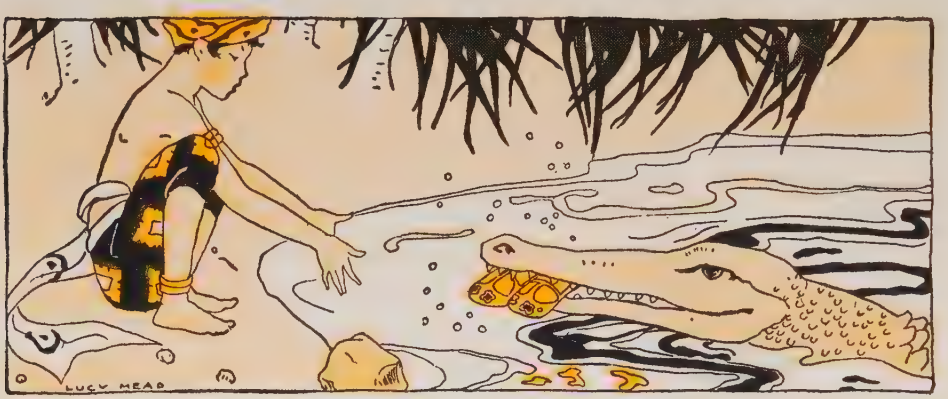
Presently, as he floated along, he came upon an alligator and a fish who were lurking in the river.

"Ah," he cried to the two, "swallow me up, for who is there left in the world to care?"

But the alligator and the fish, after a single glance at the lad, cried, as with one voice:

"Swallow such a one as you? Nay! that will we never do! You are destined to do great deeds in the world, and we will not swallow, but help you." So they guided him in safety to the bank of the stream and there loosed him from the cords by which he was bound.

"Stay a moment," said the alligator as he disappeared in a deep part of the water. "I have that in my keeping which has long waited for just such a lad as you." And he soon reappeared bearing a pair of tumpak cunchang—that is to say, floating shoes.



"With these," said he, as Aruman bound them on his feet, "you can walk upon the waves of the broadest rivers and the deepest ocean as easily as though you were on dry land."

"In that case," said Aruman, "I will make good use of the shoes."

So Aruman thanked the alligator and the fish for their kindness, and stepped out boldly and confidently upon the water.

He found it to be quite true, as the alligator had said, that he could walk easily on the waves, so he made his way down the river as far as the ocean. And when he saw the boundless blue of the sea stretching off before him, nothing would do but he must venture even out onto that. As he wandered along at a great distance from land, enjoying his new accomplishment, he presently caught sight of a vessel coming toward him. At the same moment he himself was observed by the Nakoda, or captain, who seeing a small boy walking on the surface of the water, could scarcely believe his eyes. As Aruman drew nearer, however, Nakoda invited the lad aboard and ordered him to be served with the sailors' usual repast, namely, rice and salt fish.

During the meal, of which the child partook plentifully, he recounted his adventures and sorrows to the captain and the crew, his story calling forth the sympathy and interest of all who heard.

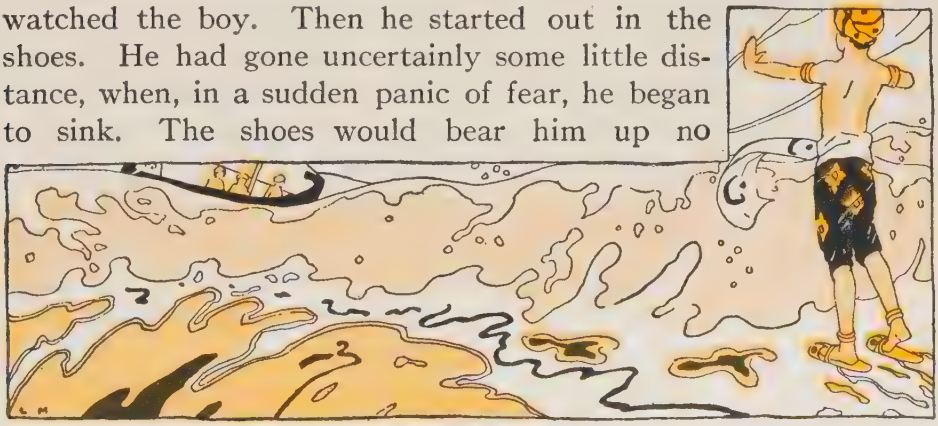
In the meantime the eye of the Nakoda had discovered the tumpak cunchang which Aruman wore, and he at once began to think how he could contrive to obtain them.

"What use are those shoes to you, boy?" said he. "Mark my words, some day when you feel the safest, you'll sink. Give them to me and I will let you have in exchange my flying cloak. Wrapped in that, you can fly in safety over land and sea; you can skim over the water like a swallow or soar up into the very clouds like a strong-winged kite."

"Very well," said the boy, "give me the cloak and here are my shoes."

So the bargain was struck and the exchange made. Now the cloak had indeed been given to the captain long ago as a flying cloak, but, though he had often wrapped it about him and tried timidly and cautiously to fly, he had never been able to lift himself off the ground. So he had concluded the garment was useless and was more than willing to trade it. Yet the moment that Aruman stepped confidently forth in it, with never a doubt that he could do what the captain said, he darted up through the air like a bird, and soared like a strong-winged kite.

"Now who would have thought it?" mumbled Nakoda, as he watched the boy. Then he started out in the shoes. He had gone uncertainly some little distance, when, in a sudden panic of fear, he began to sink. The shoes would bear him up no



longer the moment he was afraid. Down sank Nakoda beneath the waves, and only because he was an expert swimmer, was he ever able to regain his boat, where his crew pulled him, exhausted, up onto the deck.

Aruman, who had hovered about above and perceived the captain's sad plight, approached the vessel and looked down in friendly compassion, but Nakoda, vexed beyond words at all that had happened, began to cry out:

"Cheat! rogue! you have robbed me of my wonderful cloak! Your shoes are worthless!"

Aruman laughed good-naturedly at this unmerited chiding but the captain steered his vessel close to land, and, getting into a small boat, made the shore, where he loudly challenged the boy to meet him in single combat. At this Aruman descended to the ground, still without anger, and spoke courteously, hoping to appease the wrath of the captain without fighting. But Nakoda was by this time so beside himself that he would not listen to reason.

"Come on! Come on!" he cried, "I'll soon do for you, little wretch!" And he drew his kriss, flourishing it in great style, and rushing furiously upon the lad, never dreaming of any difficulty in a duel with such a youngster. But he was mistaken. Aruman, though young, could not be roused to anger. He managed his weapon with such coolness and courage that he soon had the wrathful captain entirely at his mercy. When the man had been brought to his knees and forced to acknowledge that he alone was to blame for the bargain he had made, Aruman left him and flew off in the direction of his father's dwelling.

He passed over valleys and forests, till he came at last into a strange and gloomy country, where, under the sombre branches of giant trees, numberless caverns yawned before him. Wondering what could be within such bottomless pits he descended and looked into one. The mouth of it was so black that it seemed to be

the entrance into a region of endless night. But while he stood, gazing into it, a figure suddenly appeared, lighting up the recess with a weird, red light. As it left the cavern and drew near him, the figure seemed to be that of a wrinkled old woman, bearing a queer, ill-favored, black bird in one bony hand. She held the bird over her head for a moment, then, mumbling some strange words, she opened her hand and the creature flew away, making circles in the air as it mounted, and ever and anon taking the form of a man on whose face was the expression of one in deep sorrow and regret for some evil deed he had done.

Before these strange apparitions, the boy stood his ground as firmly and confidently as he had before the captain. Then the weird woman began throwing pebbles on the ground that turned into little headless dwarfs to dance and swarm about him, but Aruman extended his arm with a gesture of command and lo! all the grotesque phantoms vanished. Then there appeared in their place a beautiful vision—a maiden lovely as the dawn wreathed in flowers and smiling on him. Her Aruman would gladly have kept before his eyes, but in another moment she, too, had faded away and he was left alone.

Slowly he turned to grope his way out of the darkness. His foot slipped on the marshy ground, he became entangled in thorn bushes, he stumbled over rocks and stones. But, though he knew it not, the woman whom he had thought a witch, was a good fairy, watching over him unseen. Having satisfied herself that he was a brave and dauntless boy, she despatched two tigers to walk on either side of him, and by the light of their eyes, which shone like lamps, he was guided out of the jungles.

Aruman now made straight for his father's home, and when he was come as far as the great waringen tree, whence his father had cast him into the stream, he saw Drahman himself standing on the spot where he had committed his wicked deed. For the first

time anger surged up in Aruman's heart. He seized his father roughly by the shoulder and drew his kriss, but as his father turned his face toward him, lo! there was in his features the same expression of sorrow and regret for what he had done, that the strange, black bird had revealed to Aruman in the land of phantoms. Slowly Aruman released the wretched man.

"Ah," he cried, "if that is how thou art punished in thine own heart, then go and wash thy heart clean in the waters of Zem-Zem. Aruman forgives thee."

"I go, my son!" cried Drahman, and fled from Aruman's presence.

Aruman then went on to his old home, where he found Ma Qualoan sitting in the portico, counting over the jewelled ornaments which Drahman had showered upon her. At sight of her, thus employed, the boy was tempted, as he had been in the case of his father, to fall upon her with his kriss, but, recalling once again the strange vision of the bird, he restrained himself, and did no more than suddenly show himself before her.

Seeing him, whom she had wronged, thus so unexpectedly returned, Ma Qualoan fell prostrate before him. He passed her by without a word and went on to find the good Sumarr.

In the night that followed, some unseen force carried Ma Qualoan into the forest. There she was chained with invisible chains to a great rock overlooking a pool wherein she saw clearly reflected all her own wicked deeds.

For some time Aruman lived on quietly in his home attended by the faithful Sumarr. But the news of his exploits and his sorrows at length reached the ears of the King of Java, who invited the daring boy—now grown a fine youth—to live in his palace. There, to his great astonishment, Aruman again beheld the lovely maiden of his vision in the forest. She was the daughter of the King and in time she became his bride. Then his good old baboo, Sumarr, went to live with him at the palace. Some years later, Aruman himself became King of Java. He was a wise and just King and reigned long and happily with his beautiful Queen. To this day he is a favorite hero with the people of Java and his adventures are often acted by them in plays or recounted in puppet shows with little puppets of gilded leather.

A MALAYAN MONKEY SONG*

(Kra is the monkey)

He runs along the branches, Kra!
Carrying off fruit with him, Kra!
Over the seraya trees, Kra!
Over the rambutan trees, Kra!
Over the live bamboos, Kra!
Peering forward, Kra!
And dangling downward, Kra!
He runs along the branches and hoots, Kra!
Peering forward, Kra!
Among the young fruit trees, Kra!
And showing his grinning teeth, Kra!

—*Translated from the Semang (Malay Peninsula) by Skeat and Blagden.*

*Reprinted through the courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

The Fisherman Who Caught the Sun

A Hawaiian Legend

FAR across the blue Pacific Ocean, on the mountainous little island of Hawaii, a brown Hawaiian mother sat before a tiny straw-thatched hut, and told her little brown children stories. Before her the great round sun was sinking toward the ocean. Out on the water were big brown boys in their queer shaped canoes; others were swimming about, and some were riding the waves, standing up straight and balancing in a wonderful fashion on narrow boards that were carried landwards, rocking, and rolling, on the curling crests of the waves.

The younger children were all at home and grouped about their mother. They had decked themselves out gaily with garlands of flowers and long strings of colored seeds as they dearly loved to do, and, while they watched the setting sun, their mother told them, in the soft, musical Hawaiian tongue, an old Hawaiian tale:

"Many, many years ago, the Sun used to burst forth from the ocean at dawn and race so swiftly across the sky, that he would fling himself over the top of the great fire mountain and sink down again into the ocean before half a day's work was done. Sunset followed so quickly on sunrise that men began to complain:

" 'Alas! The Sun, in his headlong haste, is cheating us of our due. We have not daylight enough to finish our hunting and fishing, to build our canoes, and gather our yams and bananas and cocoanuts. Night comes on and finds our work but half done.'

"Then there rose up a brave Fisherman and he said: 'I shall go to the Sun and teach him to make his journey as he should. He shall no more bolt across the sky at any pace he may choose.'

"The Fisherman's friends began to wail, and bid him remember what it meant to face such a powerful foe as the Sun. But the Fisherman never once stopped plaiting long ropes to make

a snare, and he said: 'I do not fear the Sun. In this snare I shall catch him.'

"So when the Sun had run his mad race for the day and left the world to night, the Fisherman got into his canoe and sailed out into the Eastern ocean. Far he sailed and farther through the shadows, down the silvery path that the moon lit up across the dark waste of the waters. Thus he came to the very edge of the earth, to the spot where the Sun would soon burst forth when he rose from under the ocean. And there he set his snare, gripping tight in his hands the ends of the rope from which he had made it.

"Soon the moon set and the world was wrapped in darkness. Then the Fisherman sat in his rocking canoe on the edge of the world and waited. At last the darkness faded into gray; bright jewels of light flashed now and again from the ocean. Purple and rose appeared in the sky and lo! a small rim of the sun peeped up to touch the white crests of the waves into fire and set all the ocean aflame.

"Still the Fisherman sat in his rocking canoe on the edge of the world and waited. In another moment a flood of gold streamed over the earth and the whole great Sun burst forth to begin his wild race across the sky. But ah! he had bolted straight into the snare and was tangled close in its meshes. Then the Fisherman rose in his canoe, and pulled tight the ropes in his hand. The great Sun raged! He flared and flamed, but the Fisherman held on fast.

" 'Sun,' he cried, undaunted, 'from this day forth, you shall travel at proper speed. You shall no more do as you please and race at your own headlong pace across the sky. You shall give man a day that is long enough so he may finish his hunting and fishing, build his canoes and gather his yams and bananas and cocoanuts.'

"The rage of the Sun grew scorching, withering, blasting. He

struggled with all his might to be free. But the Fisherman braced his feet, balanced his rocking canoe on the waves, and held to the ropes with a grip that would never, never yield. At last the Sun saw he had met his master. Then he slowly softened his glare and stood still.

" 'I promise,' he said, 'I will race no more at my own headlong pace, but will travel at proper speed, slowly, steadily, over the sky.'

"When he had promised thus, the Fisherman set him free, but he did not remove from him all of the ropes. Some he left fastened securely at the edge of the world in order to bind him to keep his promise.

" 'You shall never again be free to have your own will,' he said.

"Then the Fisherman went back home and his people hailed him with music and singing, as one who had been their savior, for ever thereafter the Sun kept his word and the days were sufficiently long for all the work that had need to be done.

"But to this very day when the Sun rises or when he sets, you may still see the ropes hanging down. Look now, as he sinks toward the ocean! You say he is drawing water, but I tell you those brilliant rays that seem to anchor him to the sea, are in truth the meshes of that snare by which the Fisherman bound him."